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BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Forest Acres

A Comedy in Three Acts

By

FANNIE BARNETT LINSKY

Author of "Patsy," etc.

NOTE

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BOSTON
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Forest Acres

CHARACTERS

LEMUEL CROCKETT, *a miserly farmer.*
MRS. CROCKETT, *his wife.*
ELIZABETH CROCKETT } *his daughters.*
HEPSIBAH CROCKETT }
HIRAM CROCKETT, *his son.*
FRANKLYN ARTHUR, *a business man* } *Summer boarders*
MISS LUCY RUGGLES, *a school teacher* } *at the*
EVELINA NEWCOMB, *a bashful maid* } *Crockett farm.*
ANDY HOBBS, *a country boy.*
JEFFREY BRIXLEY, *a New Yorker.*
ELISE BRIXLEY, *his wife.*
CONSTANCE LORING, *their niece.*
NORA, *the maid.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Dining-room of the Crockett farm. Summer. "The Mail Goes."

ACT II.—Library of the Brixley town house. Two days later.

ACT III.—Same as Act I. The next day. "The Female Comes."

TIME.—The present.



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NOTES ON CHARACTERS

LEMUEL CROCKETT, **MRS. CROCKETT**, **HIRAM** and **ANDY** are typical New England farmer folks. **HIRAM** to be a bashful, clumsy youth. **ANDY**, if possible, to be a fat, good-natured, rather stupid "country Bumpkin." His movements and speech to be as grotesque as possible.

HEPSY CROCKETT should be a pert, forward "smarty," with two "pigtails" hanging down her back. A girl about twelve years old.

ELIZABETH CROCKETT is a young lady about nineteen. A more cultured and refined type—a person who has made the most of her opportunities.

MISS RUGGLES is a sharp-tongued, sour-visaged spinster. "A typical school-ma'am," whose "bark, however, is much worse than her bite."

JEFFREY BRIXLEY, **MRS. BRIXLEY**, **CONSTANCE LORING**, and **MR. ARTHUR** are all typical, high-bred New Yorkers. **CONSTANCE** to be a girl of charming personality. If desired, **HIRAM** may "double" for **BRIXLEY's** part.

EVELINA is a rather silly young thing.

NORA is a good-looking, capable Irish housemaid, with whom **EVELINA** may "double" if desired.

SCENERY.

For **ACTS I** and **III** the room should be furnished as would any dining-room in an old-fashioned New England farmhouse. Old pictures on wall. Mantel shelf at one side containing various bits of old bric-à-brac, ink bottle, pen, blotter. Long dining table up R. with chairs scattered about. Rag rugs on floor. Old-fashioned rocker at one side. Cheap Victrola in corner. In **ACT III** the refurnishing of the room may be as simple or as elaborate as desired. Besides the things mentioned in the text, the author suggests, among other things, a handsome

sewing basket for MRS. CROCKETT, a tea wagon, some decorative draperies, one or two lamps, and any other furnishings to make a room comfortable and attractive.

For ACT II room should be richly furnished as would befit the home of a wealthy man. Telephone on small table at one side. Papers and books scattered about on library table. Lamp on table.

PROPERTIES

For ACT I. Small tin box, presumably holding papers.

For ACT II. Wheel chair and crutches for JEFFREY BRIXLEY. Numerous suit boxes, hat boxes, large bundles, etc. Brand new steamer trunk.

For ACT III. Same trunk, boxes and bundles as in ACT II. Suit case containing toilet articles for MISS LORING. Suit, several dresses, hats, for ELIZABETH. Silk dress for MRS. CROCKETT. Gingham dress, slippers and hair ribbon for HEPSY. Two new rugs and various house furnishings as described elsewhere. Ladder, hammer, nails, some pictures. New graphophone, with several records, one of which should be "What's the Matter With Father—He's All Right."

COSTUMES

For ACT I. Shabby clothes of the present time, suited to a summer in the country.

For ACT II. Modern, up-to-date, stylish clothes, such as people of wealth would wear.

For ACT III. Up-to-date, smart-looking clothes for ELIZABETH, MRS. CROCKETT and HEPSY. CONSTANCE and MRS. BRIXLEY may make change of costume or not, as desired. NORA in conventional garb of maid.

Forest Acres

ACT I

SCENE.—*Dining-room in LEMUEL CROCKETT'S farmhouse. Table up c., dining-room chairs scattered about. Cupboard for dishes at wall back L. Two windows right wall flat. Old-fashioned sideboard between. Door in rear wall, L., leading outdoors. Rag rug on floor. Everything generally shabby in appearance. Ancient pictures on wall. Cheap tin-panny victrola in one corner. Exits up R. and down L.*

(*Curtain rises on empty stage. Enter ELIZABETH, L., colored table-cloth of hideous pattern hanging over arm, holding great pile of dishes, table silver, etc. Comes to c., depositing dishes on chair with a loud noise. Acts as though very angry. Shakes out table-cloth with unnecessary force. Proceeds to set table, making great noise. Voice of MRS. CROCKETT heard loudly calling off stage.*)

MRS. CROCKETT. Lizziebeth, Lizziebeth!

ELIZABETH (*moves to door holding some dishes in hand*). Well, Mother, what is it now?

MRS. C. Come out here and help me with these clothes.

ELIZ. All right. I'll be right there.

(*Comes back to table with dishes. Exits through door, returning immediately with MRS. C., the two carrying between them a clothes-basket with "wash."*)

MRS. C. Land o' Liberty, but we suttinly did have some big wash this week. (*They put down basket. ELIZABETH returns to former task.*) Thank goodness it was such a good drying day. I kin fold most o' them things right down now and get 'em ready fer sprinklin'. (*Sinks into rocker and fans self with hat.*) Oh dear! Guess I ain't as young as I used to be. I declare wash day clean tuckers me all out.

ELIZ. (*angry*). Well, you oughtn't to have to do it at all. It just makes my blood boil.

MRS. C. There, there, honey, now don't get yerself all het up over the same old thing again. I know yer father's a hard man, and sot in his way. I ain't lived with him nearly thirty years without findin' that out; but he hez got his good points; only he's like a chestnut burr, the outside's so sharp that very few hez courage to find out whether the inside's good or not.

ELIZ. Well, if he's got his good points, he's taken mighty good care to hide 'em from his family. Look at you—just clean worked out and dead beat—what with lookin' after this tumble-down shanty, and taking in summer boarders, and washing and everything!

MRS. C. Yes, I know, Lizzie, but I'm used ter working, you know. I guess I wasn't cut out fer a lady.

ELIZ. (*angry*). No such thing! I guess you could be a lady all right if you only had half a chance. (*Finishes at table. Goes to basket and helps mother fold clothes.*) If you only didn't have a husband that was (*Holds up sheet and shakes it.*) stingy (*Shakes.*), and mean (*Shakes.*), and stubborn and hard-fisted,——

MRS. C. Now, Lizzie, I can't let you talk about your pa. I know yer peeved and disappointed 'bout the new dress, but mebbe——

ELIZ. Disappointed? I should think I ought to be. Look at me. I'm sick and tired trying to turn my old clothes inside out so's to make 'em over. And look at you. You ain't—I mean, haven't had a new dress since Mrs. Noah came out of the ark. And look at this place! Would any one ever believe that it belonged to the richest

farmer in Gresham County? Everything tumbling down about our ears just because he's too much of a crumb to spend a nickel on the place.

MRS. C. Yes, I know, but you mustn't fergit, Lizzie, that it costs a pile o' money to keep —

ELIZ. Yes, I know all about that. A pile of money, nothing! The only thing that ever costs a pile of money round here are farm implements, tools, mowing-machines, threshers, milkers, anything to improve the farm. Sure they cost a pile of money. They're the only thing the money ever gets spent on. Nothing else is of any importance. Doesn't matter if the rug has a hole a yard square, or if the table stands on one leg, or if you break your back over the wash tubs. There's never enough money to fix up anything for us. It all has to be used to improve the farm. I'm just getting sick and tired of it all.

MRS. C. There, there, honey, now don't get yourself all riled up. I know jest how ye feel. I don't reely care about clothes and sech things. I guess I've kind of fergot how to wear anything but a kitchen dress; but I'd suttinly like ter see you have some purty things sence your heart is so set on 'em, but you know (*With a sigh.*) how hard it is to git yer father to see things anybody else's way. But there now (*Brightening*), don't you give up hope. Maybe I kin figure out how to save some off'n the egg money so's you kin have a brand-y, spand-y new dress. We'll see.

ELIZ. (*gives mother hug*). You darling old mummy! You'll do nothing of the sort. I'm sorry I complained. I know you've got a lot more to put up with than I have, and I ought not to say a word. But he makes me so mad, the old skinflint. He's closer than the bark on the tree, even if he is my father, and I'm — (*Interrupted by shrieks of laughter.*) Good Lord, what's that?

MRS. C. Sounds like Hepsy. What devilment is she up to now?

(*Starts to rise. Enter ANDY on all fours, HEPSIBAH on his back holding clothes-line for horse reins.*)

HEPSIBAH. Gid-up there (*Slapping him.*), gid up —

ANDY (*shaking himself free, gets up and mops his brow*). No, I guess there's no more "git" in this hoss. That's all fer now, Hepsy. How-do, Miss Crockett. H'llo, Liz—er—er, Lizziebeth.

MRS. C. Good-day, Andy. (*ELIZABETH nods a greeting.*) Whatever are you doing with that young un?

(*HEPSIBAH meantime trying to untie clothes-line which is twisted round ANDY.*)

ANDY. The mail's in, Miss Crockett. I jest seen that stage go by as I wuz comin' up here. Be you expectin' any mail?

MRS. C. Well, now there might be. Father's catalogues fer the farm ought ter be comin' along soon.

ANDY. Wouldn't you like fer me ter git 'em fer ye?

MRS. C. Why, yes, Andy, if ye're going down that way and it ain't puttin' ye out too much.

(*HEPSIBAH at last frees ANDY from rope.*)

HEPSY. Puttin' him out—ha—sure, Ma, he just hangs round all day waitin' ter git a chance ter do some'n fer Liz.

MRS. C. } Hepsy!
ELIZ. }

HEPSY. Well, I ought ter know. Didn't he pay me ten cents ter let him be my horse so he could have an excuse ter come up here! (*MRS. CROCKETT makes motion as if to slap HEPSIBAH. Latter runs out with rope, calling back at door.*) He's stuck on Liz—ha-ha, ha-ha.

[*Exit HEPSIBAH.*]

MRS. C. (*putting folded clothes in basket*). I'll just take these things out o' here. It must be gittin' near supper time. Lizziebeth, you kin walk down fer the mail if ye want to 'stead o' Andy.

ELIZ. All right, Ma. [*Exit MRS. CROCKETT.*]

ANDY. Say, Liz—I mean Lizziebeth—I—(*Bashfully.*)

I really cum over to ask you a question. Would ye—will ye—er—would ye—go to the church social with me—Thursday?

ELIZ. Why—oh, thank you, Andy, it's nice of you to ask me.

ANDY. Oh, no, it ain't—not a bit. Ye see, I reely want ye to go. I'll buy you lots of refreshments, and I'll bring ye a big bunch of posies frum my back yard. Gee! you'll be the purtiest gal there.

ELIZ. I'm afraid not, Andy—because, you see, I won't be there. Mr. Arthur, Ma's city boarder, asked me ter go with him, but I can't—'cause—well, you see, I haven't anything to wear. (*Bitterly.*) I might as well tell the truth.

ANDY. Gee, that swell! Did ye reely turn him down, Liz? Well, then I s'pose I ortn't ter feel so bad, but I was sure you'd go along with me. Ye know, Liz—I mean Lizziebeth—ye know I—I—ye know—well——

(*Enter HEPSIBAH, pell-mell. Sunbonnet hanging, hair flying, followed by MR. ARTHUR, holding flowers.*)

HEPSY. Whoop-ee, here's the mail. I been down and back while you two been gabbin' here. I brought my "gentlemen friend" back with me.

ELIZ. Hepsy, how can you talk so?

MR. ARTHUR. Oh, don't scold her, Miss Beth. Hepsy and I are real friends. (*Pats child's head.*) She's my little guide round here, and she shows me where all the prettiest flowers grow. Here's a little bunch of posies I brought back for you.

ELIZ. Oh, thank you. I'll put them on the table. They're very pretty. (*Arranges flowers on the table.*)

ANDY (*standing awkwardly, shuffling feet*). Well—er—I got to get hum.

MR. A. Don't let me drive you off, Andy.

ANDY (*hastily*). Oh, no, I got ter be goin', I really got ter. Bye, Lizziebeth, bye, everybody.

ELIZ. Good-bye.

[*Exit ANDY.*]

MR. A. (*sorting mail*). Well, most of this seems to

be for your father. Three catalogues, one newspaper, one letter. No, hello, here's one for you.

(Holds out magazine.)

ELIZ. *(snatches it hastily)*. Oh, yes, I clean forgot. I didn't think. Excuse me.

(Rushes from room in haste.)

MR. A. *(surprised; to HEPSIBAH)*. Well, well. I hope I didn't say anything to make your sister angry. Do you know what the matter is, Hepsy?

HEPSY. Oh, sure, I always know everything that's going on round here, though Liz don't think so. Sure, I'll tell you. You see, Dad's so plumb close-fisted that he won't give Ma ner Liz no money fer nothin'. Ma saved some cash out of her egg money and gave it ter Liz ter send fer a fashion book, and Liz tried ter git Pa ter give her some extry money fer some cloth fer a new dress, but he wouldn't. I could of told her so before she asked, 'cause it's hayin' time, and he's always crosser than a crabbed stick in hayin' time. She an' Ma's afraid ter let Pa know that they get the fashion book, 'cause he'd holler loud enough ter raise the roof. But Liz —

MR. A. Yes, but Hepsy, you must not tell me all these things. These are family affairs and should not be talked about in public.

HEPSY. O Lord, they ain't no secret! *(Pulls an apple from sunbonnet and proceeds to eat.)* Here, want a bite? *(MR. ARTHUR shakes head.)* Everybody round here calls Dad the stingiest man in town. But do you know *(Seats self on stool at his feet.)* 'tain't that he's really stingy; it's just this farm. He's just crazy 'bout this place—his hobby, he calls it. Wants to have the most up-to-date farm in the county. He'll spend heaps of money on tools and machinery and things for the farm, but when it comes to furniture and clothes and things fer just livin'—well—he calls all that foolishness.

MR. A. But your sister does a lot of work here on the farm, doesn't she?

HEPSY. Yep. Sure she does. But it ain't because she likes it. She hates it, and she ain't goin' to do it much longer, I'll tell yer—just till her bargain is up.

MR. A. Her bargain? Why, what do you mean?

HEPSY. Oh, I mean the bargain that Liz made with Pa. Yer see, it's funny. Some ways Pa's real fond o' Liz—proud of her, I should say. He let her go through the High School, and he wouldn't let Hiram. Made *him* quit in the seventh, 'cause he said farm help wuz so scarce he'd hev to git ter work. But Hiram didn't care, he's jest cut out ter be a farmer, and that's what he wants ter do. He hated school anyway, so 'twasn't no hardship ter him ter git clear of it. But Liz—well, she's different—she's got high and mighty notions about gittin' an eddication, and bein' inderpentent, and she kicked up sich a rumpus and Ma sided in with her, that fer once Pa hed ter giv' in. But he made Liz promise that if he let her go through, fer a year anyway after she finished she'd stay home here and help with the work, so she's doin' it, but 'tain't coz she likes it.

MR. A. Oh, I see. And how about you? Do you like it?

HEPSY. Me? Oh, sure, I like it all right. I have bushels of fun. Course, I hev ter work too, once in a while—when I can't git out of it—but mostly I hev a good time. I pick berries, and I sell 'em and I save the money.

MR. A. Well, I never knew you were such a good business woman —

HEPSY. And say, Mr. Arthur, want me ter show yer something I found one day when I was out berrying?

MR. A. Why, of course. I'm interested in every-thing that you do.

(HEPSY goes to cupboard, brings out small tin box.)

HEPSY. Here, look. I found this box down in the south pasture last year when I was berrying. *(Business of opening box, looking inside, taking out contents.)*

There's some papers inside with all kinds of funny marks and figures.

(Enter MRS. CROCKETT, L. *Sits herself, shells peas.*)

MRS. C. Oh, now, Hepsy, are you fillin' Mr. Arthur full o' stories about that box again? I don't believe it amounts to anything.

HEPSY. Well, Liz says that she thinks it's important, and that some day somebody'll come looking fer it.

MR. A. Well, it looks to me like plans or figures such as surveyors would make. I don't imagine that it can be very valuable or you would have heard from it long ago, but it won't do any harm to keep it, Hepsy. You never can tell—you know the old saying—keep a thing for a hundred years and it will be sure to come in handy.

MRS. C. Well, if it ever turned out ter be valuable, I'm sure I don't know who would own it—coz Hepsy found it, but it was on Lizziebeth's land.

MR. A. Miss Beth's land? Why, what do you mean?

HEPSY. Why, didn't I never tell you that neither? Guess I'd better be takin' something fer my memory, sure. This farm don't all belong ter Pa; though you'd never know it, ter hear him sputter.

MRS. C. Now, Hepsibah, don't be disrespectful.

HEPSY. Well, I'm tellin' the truth, ain't I, Ma? Yer can't be disrespectful when yer tellin' the truth.

MRS. C. Oh, yes, it's the truth all right. Yer see, Mr. Arthur, this farm used ter belong ter Lem's father, and Granddad always were a great hand fer bringin' up children ter be thrifty, so when he died he left the biggest part of the farm to Lem, but he left a little parcel of land to each of the children. The South Pasture he give ter Lizzie—oh (*Apologetically.*), I mean Lizziebeth,—yer see, sence Liz's been ter the High School, she don't want ter be called Lizzie no more—and he left the East Meadow ter Hiram, and Hepsy here got the old pertater field down back of the barn.

HEPSY. Yep, and when I'm of age I kin hev all that

land to do as I darn please, and Dad can't say a word about it.

MRS. C. Hepsy!

HEPSY. Well, it's so, ain't it? Didn't Granddad's will say that when we was twenty-one, Dad was ter give it over to us ab-so-lute-ly.

MRS. C. Yes, you're right, dear, but you mustn't be saucy.

(HEPSY *makes face. Puts box back in cupboard.*)

HEPSY. I wasn't bein' saucy, Ma, was I, Mr. Arthur? (*Latter shakes head.*) I was only tellin' Mr. Arthur how I hev bushels of fun with the summer boarders.

MR. A. Like me, I suppose.

HEPSY. You? Oh, no, you're a regular feller. I mean boarders like Miss Ruggles and Evelina. Say, ain't Miss Ruggles a sketth? I'd hate ter have been in her room in school, wouldn't you?

MRS. C. I've got ter git out in the kitchen if you folks is to have any supper at all. Now, Hepsy, don't you bother Mr. Arthur with no more of your foolish talk.

HEPSY. All right, Ma. (*Exit MRS. CROCKETT, L.*) But say, Mr. Arthur (*Loud whisper.*), want I should tell you something?

MR. A. (*loud whisper*). Sure.

HEPSY. Her hair—Miss Ruggles'—don't grow on same's mine. She jest pins it on. I seen her.

MR. A. Oh, but come, come, Hepsy, you mustn't tell me things like that. That's prying into Miss Ruggles' private affairs.

HEPSY. Well, my sakes, Land o' Goshen, she's got her nose inter everybody else's private affairs. 'Twas her put me and Liz wise that Evelina was shining up ter Hiram. Ha! Ha! Evelina come down here fer two weeks fer her health, and she's been here six, and I don't see her movin' yet.

MR. A. Well, Evelina's a nice little girl and I should think ——

(*Enter ELIZABETH, carrying various articles for table. Business of putting them in place.*)

HEPSY. Well, I guess I'll be gittin' the dinner gong. Must be pretty near time to ring it. *[Exit, E.]*

ELIZ. Don't you want to sort the mail, Mr. Arthur? Most of the magazines are farming catalogues for Father. *(He sorts them.)* You might put them by his place. The newspaper is for Miss Ruggles. She has it sent out from the city every day. Put it over the back of her chair.

(He obeys, and quickly places his hand over hers.)

MR. A. Did I say something to displease you, Miss Beth? If I did I'm sorry.

ELIZ. Oh, no, it wasn't anything that *you* did. It was just my own foolishness—you see, you see, that magazine——

MR. A. I know—Hepsy told me. I wish I could do something to help you.

ELIZ. Well, you can't. Nobody can. I know I ought not to complain so about Father, but I do believe that it's just that he doesn't realize. It's mowers and milkers and tractors that fill his mind so full that he just hasn't got room for anything else. I actually have gotten so that I hate the sound of the old things. Why, Mr. Arthur, the money that he sends to the Brixley Shovel and Plow Works in one year would refurnish this whole place and give Mother and me a brand new outfit and a trip to Europe.

MR. A. Is that really so?

ELIZ. It positively is. He buys all his farm implements from them, and you know those things are expensive. They are forever sending him these catalogues, and every once in a while one of their agents comes down here to demonstrate some new thing. I'm ashamed to even ask them in here, this place is such a sight, but Pa don't seem to mind, he just buys anything they show him to improve the old farm. But never mind the old house, or the old woman, or *(Aside.)* the young one either, for that matter. There, now you know how horrid I am, but I can't help it.

MR. A. Well, really, I don't know as I can blame you, little girl, and you know I don't think you are horrid at all.

ELIZ. Well, I am, and I know it. I just seem to get all "het up," as Mother says, whenever I talk about Pa and his farm tools. I just wish I knew that Mr. Brixley that is the head of the Brixley Company. I'm forever reading in the papers about his wife and daughter, and where they go, and the beautiful gowns they always wear. I'd like to tell him to stop sending his men down here and wheedling Pa into giving them big orders. Maybe then Ma and I could get a new dress once in a while.

MR. A. (*after a pause*). Well, upon my soul, I don't think that's such a bad idea at all. Why don't you do it, Miss Beth?

ELIZ. Do it? Do what?

MR. A. Tell him, Brixley, I mean. Write to him if you can't go to see him, and tell him about all the things that you've wanted and had to do without on account of him. He's not a bad chap, really, if you know him. I think h'd see the humor of the situation.

ELIZ. Humor? Well, I fail to see anything very funny about it. Besides, I was only fooling. I'd never think of doing such a thing. I'm sure now that you're making fun of me. (*Enter HEPSY, L., ringing dinner gong. Goes to door, rings loud, long.*) I must go now and help Mother with the supper. [*Exit, L.*

(*Enter from outside, LEMUEL CROCKETT, HIRAM. From R. EVELINA. HEPSIBAH puts away bell, comes to table. They all sit, some facing, others with back to audience. HEPSIBAH helps self to generous slice of bread, butters it, proceeds to eat.*)

LEMUEL. Well, well, what are we waitin' for? I thought I heerd the dinner bell.

HEPSY (*mouth full*). Oh, keep yer shirt on, Pa. Ma an' Liz is gettin' it ready as fast as they kin. There's yer magazines. They just come.

LEM. Oh, sure 'nough. I never noticed.

(Business of getting out specs, cleaning them on tablecloth, opening magazine, sundry exclamations, tipping back in chair, etc. Meantime EVELINA and HIRAM exchange lover-like glances, hold hands under table, etc. HEPSIBAH nudges MR. ARTHUR.)

HEPSY. Guess Miss Lucy Ruggles must be pinnin' on her—(MR. ARTHUR *shakes head at her.*) well, anyway, something's keepin' her.

MR. A. *(takes paper from MISS RUGGLES' chair).* I'll just glance through her paper for a moment as long as she isn't here.

(Reads. Enter MISS RUGGLES, who glances quickly round.)

MISS RUGGLES. Evening, everybody.

ALL. Good-evening.

MISS R. Humph! Very interesting company, I must say. *(Seats self.)* Didn't my paper come to-day?

MR. A. Oh, pardon me. I was just glancing through it. I do enjoy the daily paper.

MISS R. *(sharply).* Well, if you like it so well, why don't you take it?

MR. A. *(smiling).* I do—as you see.

MISS R. Humph!

(Enter MRS. CROCKETT and ELIZABETH with steaming dishes of food which they place on table. MR. ARTHUR rises and holds chair for MRS. CROCKETT, then for ELIZABETH. Company proceeds to pass food and all eat.)

MRS. C. I'm sorry to be so late, but you know this was wash day, and I was pretty tired.

LEM. Humph! Ef you folks ever did a day's work in the hay field along o' Hiram and me, you'd hev something to be tired fer.

EVELINA. Oh, yes, and it was so interesting, Mrs. Crockett. Hiram showed me how the new cutting machine worked, and he let me ride home with him on the hay team. Wasn't that sweet of him?

MRSS R. Yes, it was. Too sweet to be wholesome, I should say.

HEPSY. Well, that's better than being sour, and havin' a shape like a pickle.

(MRS. CROCKETT *shakes finger at* HEPSIBAH.)

MISS R. When I was young, children were supposed to be seen and not heard.

HEPSY. Yes, but that was so long ago.

[NOTE.—*Supper scene may be prolonged ad lib., introducing any local topics of gossip, puns, jokes on neighborhood folks, etc., ELIZABETH rising from time to time, removing plates, bringing in additional courses. HIRAM brings in bucket of water from well, ELIZABETH passes around pouring it. Farmer LEMUEL peruses his catalogues between bites, rousing every now and then to offer some remark.*]

LEM. Well, I see these Brixley folks is advertisin' that new kind o' threshin' machine that's been interestin' me so much this season. They've already writ me one letter about it, and said they was goin' ter send one of their men down ter talk ter me, and now I see they've got it advertised.

MRS. C. But Pa, you did say as how you might put up a sink in the kitchen this year, and draw the water in. Haulin' it in from the pump is awful hard work.

LEM. Well, I did think o' doin' it, but I don't see how I kin do everything. The farm's our bread and butter, so the farm's got to come first.

HEPSY. Well, let's have our bread without any butter. Liz wouldn't mind, would you, Liz?

ELIZ. No indeed, I'd gladly give up butter if I could have a few other things I want.

LEM. Other things! Other things! What in thunder do ye want now? It seems to me yer always wantin' something. These women do beat the Devil. What do you say, Mr. Arthur?

MR. A. Well, pretty girls must have pretty things, you know, Mr. Crockett.

MISS R. H'm-m. Well, handsome is as handsome does, was what I learned when I went to school.

MR. A. Yes, I'm sure it must have been in your case, Miss Ruggles.

HEPSY. He-he-he-ha-ha!

LEM. Wall, good looks never set the world on fire yet, and ef you folks'll excuse me —

(Wild shout from outside. Enter ANDY, hatless, coatless, red.)

ANDY. Hey, Lem Crockett, that tarnation Betsy cow o' yourn clean stampeded through our whole field, knocked over the milkin' machine and spilled the whole day's milkin'. My ma's fit to be tied, she's so-mad.

LEM. *(jumping up, knocks over chair in excitement)*. Demnition and tarnation! Them female critters is the darndest! Where's my hat? *(Seizes hat.)* Come on, Hiram; we got some job ahead of us.

EVE. Oh, Hiram, please, please, may I go too, just to watch? I'll promise not to be in the way.

HIRAM. Sure. Come on, Evelina.

[Exit LEMUEL, EVELINA and HIRAM.]

HEPSY. I got to go too, Ma, and see the fun. I'll be back to do the dishes later. Come on, Miss Dill Pickle. *(To MISS RUGGLES.)* I'll take you down to the pasture to see the battle.

MISS R. Well *(Nervously.)*, you're sure it's not a wild steer, Hepsy? I'm dreadfully afraid of those creatures.

HEPSY *(scornfully)*. Gee! You'd make a fine heroine in a play! No, Betsy cow couldn't hurt ye if she wanted to, and besides *(Affectedly.)*, I'll be yer protector, little one. Come on.

(Exit MISS RUGGLES and HEPSIBAH. Others laugh.)

MR. A. Well, there's nothing backward about Hepsy, is there? She'll get along in this world all right.

MRS. C. Yes, but I'm thinkin' she's getting very bold and saucy. She's not the least bit afraid of any one—not even her father.

ELIZ. Well, she's the only one around here that isn't.

(While talking, ELIZABETH and her mother take out dishes, clear table, etc. MR. ARTHUR reads paper.)

MR. A. I see Miss Ruggles left her paper behind in all the excitement. I suppose she'd have no objection to my reading it now.

ELIZ. Oh, no, I don't think she has any real objection at any time. Her bark's a good deal worse than her bite anyway. But she is queer, isn't she? If school teaching's done that for her, I'm glad I decided not to be one.

(Exit MRS. CROCKETT with last of dishes and does not return.)

MR. A. Is that what you intended to do?

(ELIZABETH takes off table-cloth and shakes it out doors; comes back to C. MR. ARTHUR takes two corners, ELIZABETH the other two. Business of folding cloth smaller and smaller.)

ELIZ. Yes, when I first persuaded Pa to let me stay in school, I thought I'd like to be a teacher, but now I've changed my mind.

MR. A. And what would you like to do now?

(He shows inclination to take her hands as cloth is folded smaller. ELIZABETH evades him, puts cloth in drawer, places flowers on center table. Both seat themselves.)

ELIZ. Now? Oh, I want to open a tea-room. I've had the idea in mind for a long time, particularly since we've heard so much talk about having a railroad built through this part of the county. The county's done a lot to improve the roads around here in the last few years and we have quite a little automobile travel passing here

now. I figured that I could get quite a bit of trade from them, and then if the railroad should ever run through and they should have a station anywhere near here, I could surely build up a paying business.

MR. A. Well, you surprise me, Miss Beth. I see your father hasn't any monopoly on the business ability in this family. Your plan certainly does sound like a good business proposition to me.

ELIZ. Oh, I'm so glad to hear you say so, Mr. Arthur. You see, Father "pooh-poohs" the whole affair, and I'm delighted to think that you, with all your business experience, should not think that it is entirely foolish to attempt such a thing.

MR. A. Foolish! No indeed. Women to-day, more and more, are going out into the world of men and competing, and making a success of it too. I am a firm believer that every girl should know how to do something whether she *has* to or not. Why, one of my very best friends has a niece, a young girl, an orphan, whose parents left her more money than she can ever spend, and she has gone to college and taken up a business course, just to fit herself for something useful in this world, although she'll probably never need the money. She's getting through this year, and she plans to do something with her training, although I haven't the least idea what it is. But I bet she'll make a success, whatever it is.

ELIZ. (*looking at him sharply*). Oh, is that so?

MR. A. Yes, and I'll bet the same thing about you, Miss Beth. I think you have got a very level head for one so young, and I'm sure that you'll win out in any venture you undertake.

ELIZ. Well, thank you for saying such nice things. I'm afraid I haven't quite as much confidence in my own ability as you seem to have. However, I mean to try as soon as I get the chance, but I can't for at least a year on account of my promise to Father.

MR. A. Well, at least you'll be getting good experience in tea-room work while you stay at home. (*ELIZABETH makes face.*) By the way, I didn't know that there

had been any talk of running a railroad line through this part of the town. Tell me more about it.

ELIZ. Well, there isn't very much to tell. There has been talk about it for a long time, and last year some men came to Father to see if they could come to terms about buying a strip of his land in case the plans went through; but you know Dad and his farm. He asked so much for a square inch that they told him they didn't come to *buy the farm*, and Dad got mad and said he wasn't fussy about selling anyway, and so the whole thing fell through, and we haven't heard any more about it. But I could make a tea-room pay, I think, even if we don't have the railroad.

MR. A. I think you could at that, and if you ever get it started, I'll promise you *one* very good customer.

ELIZ. Thank you, Mr. Arthur; it's awfully nice of you to be so interested.

(Picks up paper and glances through it.)

MR. A. Well, you didn't get very far in telling your father what you wanted at supper time, did you?

ELIZ. No indeed, and now he'll be so cross over that old Betsy cow there will be no use asking him at all. Why, look here. (MR. ARTHUR *comes and looks over her shoulder. Enter MRS. CROCKETT with basket of mending, and she looks too.*) Here's an article about Jeffrey Brixley of the Brixley Shovel and Plough Works. He slipped stepping out of his automobile the other day and is confined to his home with a broken ankle.

MR. A. Why, bless my soul, I'm sorry to hear that.

MRS. C. You talk as if you knew him, Mr. Arthur.

MR. A. I do. I have met him a number of times, and he's really a very fine fellow. Got a nice wife, too.

ELIZ. (*reading on*). Yes, it says here: "His wife has cancelled all her engagements, and Mr. Brixley is under her personal care." Very nice, I'm sure. I suppose he sits in a nice soft easy-chair, with his leg up on a footstool, wearing a handsome silk dressing-gown, probably bought with some of the money my father's spent in his

old Shovel Works, and his wife's all drolled up like a Paris fashion plate. It's very easy to "give him her personal care and attention" when you've nothing else in the world to do.

MR. A. Well, you know what I told you, Miss Beth.

ELIZ. What's that?

MR. A. Write and tell him your grievance. I'm sure he'd be interested.

ELIZ. Oh, that's foolish. I'd never do such a thing.

MRS. C. No, I hope not, Lizziebeth. Your pa would suttinly be madder'n a setter pup.

ELIZ. Not but what there's enough I'd like to tell him! He certainly would get the shock of his young life if he ever read the letter I'd like to send him.

MR. A. Well, suppose you let me see it instead. I'll bet you could handle the King's English in great style. I've got some letters to write too, and this is as good a time as any. We'll share the table, Miss Beth, and perhaps it will relieve your feeling a little to see what your thoughts look like on paper.

ELIZ. I've half a mind to do it just for fun. I don't know as I know myself just what it is I do want, but if I write it you must tear it up as soon as you've read it.

(She goes to shelf, takes down pen and ink bottle, comes to table.)

MR. A. Cross my heart and hope to die. Isn't that what Hepsy says?

(Takes fountain pen, paper and envelopes from pocket; both seat themselves at table and begin to write busily. MRS. CROCKETT, in rocker, sews. Hums little tune. If desired, some simple old-fashioned melody may here be introduced.)

ELIZ. *(finishing letter with flourish)*. There! I guess I've said everything that's been on my mind for a year.

(Blats letter hard.)

MR. A. Well, am I to read it?

ELIZ. Oh, yes, but not just this minute. I'd feel too foolish; but if you have one of those envelopes to spare, I'll put it in, and you can put it in your pocket and read it when you are alone, and then later tell me that you think that I'm an old silly "goop."

MR. A. I promise to do nothing of the kind. (*Passes her an envelope. She puts letter in and passes it back to him. He writes on envelope.*) "Mr. Jeffrey Brixley, c/o Brixley Shovel & Plough Works, New York City." There, now I'll know that's yours and I won't get it mixed up with any of my other letters. Now I'll just put the address on my own letter. It's going to my lawyer, and then —

(Starts to write. Loud yodel from without.)

HEPSY. Oh, you—o-o-o-o! Oh, Ma and Liz, come on out and see what they've done to that Betsy cow. And Mr. Arthur, come on out too.

(All three go hastily to window and door. MRS. CROCKETT laughs loudly.)

MRS. C. Well, now, kin yer beat that Lem Crockett fer thinkin' o' doin' things. That poor foolish Betsy cow. Come on outdoors and see what they're goin' ter do next.

(Exit all three, leaving both letters on table. Enter MISS RUGGLES and EVELINA, fanning themselves.)

MISS R. Well, I never did know that a cow could be such a fool critter. I've lost all the respect that I ever had for the animals.

EVE. Yes, but Miss Ruggles, wasn't Hiram brave? Did you see the way he ran after her with the rope; and his father let him go, too? Why, my heart was in my mouth for fear that something would happen to him.

MISS R. H'm, brave, nothing! Why, the poor creature didn't have enough get-up-and-go to her to know enough to run when she saw him coming. Brave! Well,

may the saints preserve us. Love is blind, all right! And now if you'll excuse me, Evelina, I'm going —

(*Enter ANDY, rear.*)

ANDY. Got any mail, anybody? I got my team all hitched up ter take my ma down ter the Center. She 'lowed that she needed a ride ter cool her off after chasin' that fool of a cow fer a half mile.

MISS R. Oh, yes, thank you, Andy, I've got a letter all written. I'd be very much obliged to you if you would take it. I'll go right up and get it; it's in my room. [*Exit, R.*]

EVE. Oh, and Andy, here's some letters on the table. I suppose they want them mailed, though there ain't any stamps on them.

ANDY. Well, that don't matter. I'll git 'em stamped at the Post Office. I don't mind. (*EVELINA hands him the letters.*) This one ain't stuck. I suppose I better do it.

(*Business of licking the letter with loud noise, sealing it, etc. Enter MISS RUGGLES.*)

MISS R. Here's my letter, Andy, and thank you very much. It will go so much quicker if you mail it down in the Center.

ANDY. Oh, that's all right, Miss Ruggles; I don't mind. [*Exit ANDY.*]

EVE. (*at window*). Here they all come back again. Farmer Crockett's as mad as a hornet over losing the whole day's milking.

(*Enter LEMUEL, MRS. CROCKETT, HIRAM, ELIZABETH, HEPSIBAH, MR. ARTHUR, all laughing and talking except LEMUEL, who appears to be angry.*)

MISS R. Well, you can hardly blame him, can you?

HEPSY (*to MISS RUGGLES and EVELINA*). Say, you two, why didn't you wait and see the finish? Gee! That was some show, wasn't it, Liz?

LEM. (*angrily*). Yes, it suttinly were. 'Course it

means nothing ter you young folks that the whole day's milkin' wuz lost. Consarn that 'ere critter.

MRS. C. Now, Lem, you know yer always quotin' that there ain't no use in cryin' over spilt milk, so yer jest better try and fergit it, and we won't none o' us mention it no more. (*Gives meaning look at all.*)

MISS R. Well, I'm going to try and find a quiet spot and read my paper at last, I hope.

MR. A. Why, yes, and that reminds me that I've got a very important letter that I'm *most* anxious to read. (*Looks at ELIZABETH, goes to table.*) Why—but where is it? I left it here—left both of the letters on the table when Hepsy called us. I don't see them here now!

EVE. Oh, those letters. Why, I gave them to Andy Hobbs to mail. He was driving his ma down to the Center and he offered to take them.

ELIZ. Good heavens! You don't mean—you really didn't (*To MR. ARTHUR.*) *mail that letter!*

MR. A. I'm afraid it looks very much like it. I'm very much afraid so. You see, I left it here with mine. There were no stamps on either of them. Yours wasn't even sealed. I never dreamed that any one would touch them. We were only gone such a little while.

EVE. Well, Andy sealed one, and said he'd get the stamps down at the Center. What's the matter? Didn't you want 'em mailed?

MR. A. Well, I'm not so sure that I didn't, but I don't think Miss Beth——

MRS. C. (*anxiously*). Lizziebeth, Lizziebeth, you don't mean that that letter——

(*ELIZABETH and MR. ARTHUR both silence her with a look. Meantime LEMUEL, looking over catalogues, has heard nothing of all this. LEMUEL comes to C.*)

LEM. Come on, come on, clear out o' here all on ye! I'm sick and tired o' female critters anyways, and I want ter talk ter Mr. Arthur. He's the only one that's got any sense, anyway. (*MISS RUGGLES glares at him, EVELINA and HEPSIBAH giggle, MRS. CROCKETT and ELIZABETH*

shake heads, all exit, various directions. LEMUEL and MR. ARTHUR seat themselves, c., LEMUEL holding catalogue.) I'd like ter hev yer opinion on this new Brixley tractor, Mr. Arthur. I know ye ain't no farmer, but somehow er 'nuther, ye appears to hev a leetle sense, jest the same. Now, you say this Brixley feller is a purty decent chap (MR. ARTHUR *nods.*), and no doubt he'll be lookin' ter hear from Crockett's farm round about this time —

MR. A. Well, I'm sure he won't be disappointed.

LEM. Wall, now, I'd like ter show yer, Mr. Arthur — (*Continues talking during fall of curtain.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Library of BRIXLEY home.*

(Enter NORA, the maid. Looks about hastily. Goes to door. Looks out. Comes back. Goes to telephone. Gives number.)

NORA. Hello, hello—is this the Gramard Hotel? Oh, it is! Well, is Joe McDermott there? What? Is he one of the guests? Say, don't get fresh—course not—he's the head waiter. Oh, ye'll see if ye can find him. Well, don't keep me waiting too long, dearie. *(Pause.)* Hello—oh, is that you, Joe? Yes, this is me. Say, Joe, I'm awful sorry about that dance last night. Honest I am. Now, Joe, you know I'd rather dance with you than with any fellow I know. Sure I would. What did I do it for? Why, it was a test—what—no—a test. *Testt—t-e-s-s-t—(Spells.)* Yes. Honest it was; but of course if you won't believe me—well—yes, I know—but—shhh. I hear some one coming. I'll call you by and by. Good-bye.

(Hangs up hastily and busies herself about room.

Enter JEFFREY BRIXLEY in wheel chair, pushed by MRS. BRIXLEY. His foot is bandaged. Their appearance follows closely description given by ELIZABETH in ACT I. MRS. BRIXLEY arranges his foot on stool and puts rug over knees. Wheels him to table.)

MRS. BRIXLEY. There, dear, are you quite comfortable?

(Gives him the paper. Bell rings off stage. NORA answers.)

MR. BRIXLEY. Oh, yes, thank you—as comfortable as I suppose I can expect to be with this foot of mine. Such a confounded nuisance! (*Looks at paper.*)

MRS. B. (*seating herself with magazine*). Yes, I know it's hard, dear, but just try to make the best of it. There's one consolation; it can't last forever.

MR. B. Good heaven. I should hope not. One week of it has been more than enough to last me for the rest of my entire life.

(*Enter NORA with numerous letters, magazines, etc.*)

NORA (*giving them to MR. BRIXLEY*). Here is the mail, sir. (*To MRS. BRIXLEY.*) Is there anything else, ma'am?

MRS. B. No, thank you, Nora. That is all just now. [*Exit NORA.*]

MR. B. (*sorting letters*). Two for you, my dear. (*She rises to get them.*) That top one looks as though it might be from Constance. I suppose she'll never get over the fact that we didn't get down to class day to see her get her sheepskin. Well, she couldn't feel any worse about it than I did. Confound this old foot again. Ouch! (*As he attempts to move it.*)

MRS. B. (*anxiously*). Jeffrey! Do be careful, dear! (*Reads from the letter.*) Yes, you are right. It is from Constance. And of course she is disappointed. However, she says: "I understand of course how impossible it was for you and dear Uncle Jeffrey to get here for commencement and I'm so awfully sorry for his unfortunate accident. However, since the mountain couldn't come to Mahomet, Mahomet will do just as in the olden tale, and come to you. So expect me by the twenty-fifth at the latest." Why, Jeffrey, that's to-day!

MR. B. Why, so it is! Yes. Well, I'll be mighty glad to see Connie here. She's a dear girl.

MRS. B. She surely is. And listen, Jeffrey: (*Reads again from letter.*) "I shall of course play around a bit this summer, but after that I hope to prove to my beloved uncle and guardian that my sheepskin is more than

just a bit of parchment and that my desire to be useful is more than just an idle whim." So, she's really going to stick to that ridiculous plan of hers to go to work.

MR. B. Well, now, Elise, I don't know that it is ridiculous. I'll admit that I didn't think very well of it at first, but Connie's a girl with brains; and we can hardly blame her if she wants to make use of them.

MRS. B. But a girl with her money, and looks. Just think of the social success she could be. I'll wager that she'd have every eligible man in town in her train inside of six months.

MR. B. Well, if there's to be a Mr. Right in her life she'll find him anyway; and besides she's young enough; she's got plenty of time for that.

(Leans head back and closes eyes.)

MRS. B. *(goes to him hastily and puts hand on head)*. What's the matter, dear? Do you feel ill? You haven't even read your letters.

MR. B. No, Elise; I'm all right. Don't bother about me. I was just picturing Connie to myself, as she used to be as a youngster. Can't you just see her, Elise, that summer we spent at their country place? She certainly was a beautiful child, and her father idolized her.

MRS. B. Yes, poor Adrian, he certainly did—but then, every one likes Constance—that's one of her charms—she just makes people like her. Why, even those hard-headed farmers down there at Shoreham would always give her an apple. They'd chase anybody else a mile if they caught them even picking one up from the ground.

(Both laugh heartily.)

MR. B. Yes, bless her heart! I remember too, how the most crabbed old duffer in the town turned his horse and team round and went back half a mile to get her hat that blew off when she was learning to ride her pony. She was a great young one, God bless her!

MRS. B. Well, she'll be here soon, so we need not

spend time talking about her. Shall I open your letters for you, dear?

MR. B. My letters? Why, bless me! I almost forgot all about them.

MRS. B. Well, Connie's the only one that can make you do that. I ought to be jealous!

MR. B. Now, my dear, you know better than that. (*Pats her hand affectionately.*) And now let's see what the postman has brought. (*Opens letters one after another.* MRS. BRIXLEY *picks up knitting.*) Hello! Here's a letter from Gaines and Harcourt about that line of railroad we were trying to put through down in Gresham County.

MRS. B. You never heard any more about those plans, did you?

MR. B. No, not a word. You see, we were afraid to advertise and say much about them for fear of letting too many people into the secret of what we intended to do. And then again we didn't want to let old Crockett know anything about it or he'd be asking a million dollars an inch for his land. Funny old party, he certainly is! I might have taken a little run down there with you this summer if this confounded leg —

MRS. B. Now there you go again, Jeffrey. How many times must I tell you that I don't mind staying in the city one bit, so please don't fret on my account. But tell me, have you given up all plans for that road?

MR. B. Oh, no; not at all. Just letting it lie quiet for a while. In this letter Harcourt says that he thinks we better advertise and offer a substantial reward for the plans. He figures that will be less expensive than surveying all over again and making new ones. It's going to cost us something either way; so I suppose the easiest way is the best.

MRS. B. Have you finished all your letters, dear?

MR. B. No, here's just one more and then I think I shall take a little nap. (*Opens letter, glances at it; looks puzzled, looks for signature, begins to smile, finally bursts into hearty roar. Leans back in chair and laughs loud*

and long. Gasping.) Well, God bless my soul if this isn't the funniest thing I ever heard of.

MRS. B. But do tell me, Jeffrey, what is it? I'm dying to laugh too.

MR. B. Well, well, ha, ha, (*Wipes eyes.*) yes, my dear, you shall hear it. It's far too good to keep to myself. Listen to this. (*Reads.*)

"MR. JEFFREY BRIXLEY:—

President, Brixley Plow and Shovel Works.

Dear Mr. Brixley:

You are probably not nearly as well acquainted with me as I am with you, for in my home your name has been a household God ever since I can remember. This letter will serve to bring to your notice one Elizabeth Crockett, of Crockett's Farm, daughter of Lemuel Crockett. Said Elizabeth is the possessor of

1. Red(?) hair.
2. A temper to match.
3. A little brains, and a lot of nerve.

Said Elizabeth is *not* the possessor of

1. A great many comforts of life.
2. A great many more luxuries.

Reason therefor:

The Brixley Shovel and Plough Works.

No doubt the above is all Greek to you but it's much worse than that for us. My mother and I have figured out that my father, Lemuel Crockett, has paid to the Brixley Company on an average of \$6,000 a year for farm machinery for the last six years. Because of that fact we have had to do without about everything else that makes life worth living, and so perhaps it might interest you to know that this year instead of selling my father a threshing machine, I take upon myself the privilege of advising you that your efforts would be much more appreciated if you would supply us with the following:—

1. A new rug for the dining-room.
2. A black silk dress for Mother.
3. A dress, hat, gloves, parasol, for me. (Size "36" please.) Suitable to wear to a church social,

4. A pair of white slippers (I wear fours; and stockings, real silk if you don't mind).

5. Lots of lovely underthings and anything you can think of that a red-headed female of twenty might want who had never had a decent "brand new" dress in her life.

No special hurry about this—only—the church social is next week.

P. S.—Oh, yes, I forgot. Add one item more. A gingham dress for Hepsy, aged 10.

Thank you. I knew you'd understand, and be glad to know just what we wanted. Yours, in the interest of "good business,"

ELIZABETH CROCKETT."

(Just as he is beginning to read this letter NORA shows CONSTANCE LORING in. Latter motions for silence, and remains in doorway at rear, listening. NORA retires.)

MR. B. Well! How do you like that!

CONSTANCE (*comes to C.*). Bully!

MR. B. }
MRS. B. } (*together*). Constance!

(She kisses them both affectionately, removes wraps, MRS. BRIXLEY rings bell for NORA, who comes and takes them away. CONSTANCE seats herself close to MRS. BRIXLEY.)

CON. Well, Nunkie 'darling, so here you are cooped up in town in June.

MR. B. Yes, worse luck, and Aunt Elise with me.

CON. Well, it's not half bad, I should say, if you get letters from interesting young females like that every day.

MRS. B. Oh, so you heard it?

CON. Most of it. Enough to convince me that there is one young woman who has spunk enough to ask for what she wants.

MR. B. Well, this is a new one on me. I'll confess that it's rather taken my breath away.

CON. Do you know the girl at all?

MR. B. No, I've never even seen her to my knowledge. I've only been down to the place once, and then I didn't go into the house. Her father is one of our best customers—he *has* bought a lot of stuff from us, just as she says.

CON. Well, then she probably has plenty of cause to complain.

MRS. B. She must want things pretty bad to write a letter like this.

MR. B. Oh, I imagine it was probably done as a joke; but let's not talk any more about Lemuel Crockett or his daughter. What about you, my dear? Tell us something about yourself. We've simply been pining for a sight of you.

CON. (*rising and going to him*). Well, darling, you certainly "pine" most becomingly. You are at least fifteen pounds heavier than when I saw you this winter.

MRS. B. (*warningly*). Shhsh! Don't remind him! Especially since he hasn't been able to play golf, or get to the Turkish Bath on account of his foot.

MR. B. Well, nobody loves a fat man, you know, my dear.

CON. (*airily*). Don't you believe it, Nunkie darling. In the language of the poets, "The fatter they get the harder they fall."

MR. B. (*making a wry face*). Well, I'll say so, you bet.

MRS. B. But Connie, dear, are you really going to persist in this foolish scheme of yours about going into business?

CON. Foolish! Why, Auntie darling, please don't discourage the "sweet girl graduate." Here I am with an honest-to-goodness sheepskin that I earned all myself by honest toil. Why! I'm afraid I have permanently ruined a perfectly good complexion getting it. I had to drink so much black coffee to keep me awake when I

was cramming for exams. And as for hair! Why, I tore so much of mine out that I never expect to possess a respectable marcel wave ever again.

MR. B. Fine work, my dear, fine. I never knew just how these modern young women went about the job of earning a degree! And pray, what does this precious sheepskin qualify you for?

CON. Efficiency expert and business adviser (*With a little curtsey.*) at your service, sir. Mr. Big Business Man confides in me all his big or little woes and worries, and I solve them for him; or, if I can't, I find him some one who can. Two heads are better than one, you know.

(*While she is speaking, NORA enters with suit case marked C. L. She lingers a moment listening, then exits R.*)

MRS. B. And do you really expect to get a position: to find any one who will need your services?

CON. Why, of course, Auntie dear. I shall probably have several (*Ahem.*) "clients," (*Aside.*) that's what we call them, to choose from, once I get ready to settle down to real business. (*Hugs MRS. BRIXLEY.*) Now don't be like the old black crow that you always used to tell me about when I was little, that forever would cry out "You Caw-n't, You Caw-n't." I know you don't believe that I can do it; but we'll show you, won't we, Nunkie darling? You'll have a little faith in me, won't you?

MR. B. Well, I suppose I'll have to say so anyway, if I value my life, but my dear little girl, take Uncle's advice and don't get "too confidential" even with Mr. Big Business Man. You don't know them as well as I do.

CON. Don't worry, darling. I promise to be most circumspect and careful. You'll give me at least a recommendation, won't you?

MR. B. A recommendation! Good Lord! What could I say?

CON. (*laughing*). Oh, just say: (*In a businesslike tone.*) To whom it may concern:—This is to certify

that Miss Constance Loring, having successfully managed me all the days of her young life, is hereby guaranteed to manage anybody.

MRS. B. (*laughing*). Well, you've come pretty near hitting the nail on the head this time. I guess you *are* the only person who can really manage him. Why don't you give her the recommendation, Jeffrey, and word it just as she told you to?

MR. B. I'll do better than that, by Jove! I'll give her a *job*. Here you are, Connie. Here's your first commission. You said you were qualified to solve Mr. Business Man's worries. Well—here's one of mine. This letter—(*Holds up ELIZABETH's note.*) It puzzles me to know just what to do about it. I don't want to lose Lemuel Crockett as a customer, true enough, but I'm not sure either that it would be wise to ignore the letter either. Here it is. You're the doctor.

CON. Really! Uncle Jeff. Oh, Nunkie, you darling! (*Hugs him, knocking off his glasses.*) I know just what I want to do—just exactly how I would like to handle the situation.

MR. B. (*pretending to be cross*). Well, I don't care what you do as long as you don't break my eyeglasses or lean on my sore foot.

CON. Darling! Did I hurt you? I didn't mean to, truly. (*Scans letter.*) Umhmmm! (*Half to herself.*) Size thirty-six—umhmmm, about a nine I should say,—and perhaps a twenty-two for a —

MRS. B. Well, whatever it is you are talking about, I suppose you understand it. I am sure no one else does.

CON. Oh, excuse me, Aunt Elise, I was just thinking out loud. That's one of the bad habits I got into at college.

MRS. B. And not the only one, I'll wager. But now, Jeffrey, you really must have a little nap, or I am afraid that all this excitement will be too much for you.

CON. (*quickly*). Yes, that's the very thing for you, Uncle Jeff, for I'm going out, and I'm going to take Aunt Elise with me.

MR. B. Out! Why, you have only just come in! Where are you going now, child?

CON. Why, shopping, of course, dear man. We are going to buy every last thing mentioned in that letter, and a whole lot more, too. Have I carte blanche, Uncle?

MR. B. Oh, go the limit as far as I am concerned.

(MRS. BRIXLEY *throws up her hands in surprise.*)

CON. That's fine! Now hurry up, Auntie dear. Get Uncle all settled as quickly as possible, and come right back. We'll have to hurry.

(MRS. BRIXLEY *starts to wheel MR. BRIXLEY out, R., CONSTANCE gently pushing her to make her hurry. Rings bell for NORA. Puts on hat. NORA appears.*)

NORA. Did you ring, Miss?

CON. Yes, Nora, bring Mrs. Brixley's wraps, please. We are going out. And Nora, have Thompson bring the car around right away. Tell him we are in a hurry. (*Exit NORA, returning in a moment with hat, wrap, gloves, etc., for MRS. BRIXLEY.*) And Nora, I shall send home a number of packages this afternoon. You and Sims look after them between you, will you? And have them all put in here. We'll make a place for them now.

(*Together they remove all furniture from one corner of room leaving large empty space. Enter MRS. BRIXLEY.*)

MRS. B. Gracious, Constance, what are you up to now? Going into the furniture moving business?

CON. (*laughing*). Not quite, Auntie; but come, we haven't a moment to spare. (*Hands her hat and wrap.*) We've got a big day's work ahead of us. (*Puts on her own wraps.*) Don't forget all I told you, Nora.

NORA. No, Miss, I won't.

CON. All ready, dear? Well, let's be on our way.

(*Exit. Sound of auto horn as they leave.*)

NORA (*in doorway, watching them go*). My! Isn't she the grand young lady? Real sweet spoken too, she is, and not a bit high and mighty like some of her kind would be. I wonder if she's got a beau too. I'll bet if she has, he's not as nice as Joe McDermott is. (*Looks about quickly. Listens. Hastens to 'phone. Gives number as before.*) Hello, hello, is this the Granard Hotel? Oh, it is? Well, is Joe McDermott there? No, I said Joe McDermott! What's the matter, Cutie, are you hard of hearing? What? Is he one of the guests? Say, are you the same fresh "hall-room" boy that asked me that question before? Oh, you are, are you? Well, then for the last time on this earth I'd like to inform you that he ain't a guest. He's the head waiter; and I'd like to speak to him. (*Pause.*) Yes, yes, I'm still waiting. What? He's gone. *Gone!* What d'ye mean, he's gone? He left! Left his job! Well, where did he go? You don't know? Oh, o-o — (*Half crying.*) Oh, noo-o-o, it don't matter, go-o-o-d-d b-y-y-ye! (*Weeps and throws herself into a chair.*) O-h-o-o-h, I only meant it for a joke, and now I've l-o-s-t him. (*Weeping.*)

(*Lower the CURTAIN here for a moment to denote passing of time. Rises on NORA. Loud voices of man and woman in corridor. Woman speaks very sharply and angrily. Man's voice protests.*)

MAN'S VOICE (*off stage*). But he's asleep, I tell you. He can't be disturbed.

MISS R. (*off stage*). Well, who wants to disturb him, my good man? I am not in the habit of disturbing gentlemen in their sleep. I came here to see Miss Loring, and I intend to see her!

MAN'S VOICE (*off stage*). But she's out.

MISS R. Well, why didn't you say so before? Very well, I'll wait. (*Comes in red and angry.*) Good gracious! These overbearing servants. I never heard of such impudence! Asking *me* if I wanted a position! (*Spies NORA.*) Good Heavens! What's the matter here? (*Shakes NORA.*) Why do you weep, my good

MRS. B. And so am I. I fairly ache all over. Oh, (*Seeing others.*) I beg your pardon. I didn't know there was any one here.

CON. Why, Miss Ruggles. You old darling, I'm delighted to see you. I never dreamed that you'd get here to-day. I thought that you were away in the country on a farm somewhere.

MISS R. Well, I was. And I'm going back again. But I had to come to the city with a young—ahem—fool, I was going to say: but I suppose I better call her a young lady; so I thought I would drop in and see you for a little while.

CON. Well, I'm delighted that you did. I want you to meet my aunt, Mrs. Brixley. Auntie, this is Miss Lucy Ruggles who was my governess that summer that you and Uncle were in Europe. (*To MISS RUGGLES.*) Aunt Elise has often heard me speak of you.

MRS. B. I am indeed very glad to know you, Miss Ruggles. Constance has told me of the very pleasant summer that you spent with her. And who is this young man? (*Turning to ANDY who stands sheepishly twirling his fingers.*) Is he with you?

MISS R. Oh, no, I came by myself, thank you; but I know him. He's waiting to see Mr. Brixley.

ANDY. Yes, I got ter see him. Ma told me not to do business with anybody but him.

MRS. B. But Mr. Brixley is ill. He is not attending to any business himself. You should not bother Mr. Brixley.

MR. B. (*wheeled in by NORA*). Who's taking my name in vain? I got tired of waiting for you to come in for me, Elise, so I just had Nora bring me in here. I was afraid I might miss something. What's doing?

CON. Uncle, this is my former governess, Miss Ruggles. My uncle, Mr. Brixley.

MISS R. Very pleased to meet you, sir.

MR. B. I am very glad to know you, Miss Ruggles. You'll forgive my not rising, I know. You see, I'm a "wounded soldier" just now.

MISS R. Oh, yes, I knew all about your accident. Everybody down at the Crockett Farm used to read all ——

MR. B. The Crockett Farm!

MRS. B. *The Crockett Farm!*

CON. The Crockett Farm!

MR. B. My dear Miss Ruggles, do tell us ——

MRS. B. What do you know ——

CON. About the Crockett Farm!

MISS R. Why, I've just come from there.

ANDY (*interrupting*). And me too, and (*Hurrying on before any one can stop him.*) I live down there in Gresham County, and our place is right next to Lem Crockett's, and they're our next neighbors, and I want ter buy some farm tools, and my ma, she said as how I wa'n't to talk business with anybody but the boss himself. But gosh darn it all, I can't get anybody round this here place ter even listen ter me long enough ter find out what I reely do want, from that French Duke out there, by the door, ter you folks in here. (*All laugh.*)

MR. B. Well now, young man, if you'll just have patience for another few minutes, I promise that I'll listen to you as long as you want me to. I'm Jeffrey Brixley, or the boss, as you say.

ANDY. Wall now, that's something like. I'm Andy Hobbs. Mr. Brixley, put it there. (*They shake hands.*)

CON. And now, Miss Lucy, do tell us how you happen to be at the Crockett Farm.

MISS R. Why, I'm spending the summer there.

CON. Really! Oh, how wonderful.

MISS R. Well, I must say that I haven't found anything very wonderful about it so far, but I'm going back there to-night.

CON. You are! Well, then I'm going with you.

MISS R. *You!* Why, what in the world ——?

CON. (*with a warning look at MR. and MRS. BRIXLEY*). Well, you see, I have been transacting some of Uncle's business for him since his accident, and Aunt Elise and I had planned to go down to-morrow anyway; so we might

as well go to-night. (To MRS. BRIXLEY.) Run, darling, and pack your grip. Better be prepared to stay a week—it may be necessary. Miss Lucy, you go along and help her, and I'll tell you the whole story on the road as we go.

MRS. B. But darling—your uncle ——

CON. (*laughing*). "But me no buts," Auntie dear, I'll fix everything beautifully for Nunkie —— (*Gently propels MRS. BRIXLEY towards door, R.*) Send Nora to me here, Auntie, please.

MR. B. Well, Constance, since you seem to be managing everything so beautifully, I am going to turn our young friend Mr. Hobbs over to your care. (To ANDY.) Here, my young friend, is my business representative and adviser. You just tell her what you wanted to tell me, and I know that she will do everything to help you and do it even better than I could myself.

CON. Uncle, that's perfectly darling of you, and now, suppose you just take Mr. Hobbs out into the other room for a little while. I want to see Nora about some of these things. (ANDY starts to wheel MR. BRIXLEY to exit R.) And, Mr. Hobbs ——

ANDY. Gosh, ma'am, call me Andy. Everybody down home does. I don't rightly know myself, being "Mistered" like this.

CON. (*laughing*). All right then, Andy it shall be, and we'll consider ourselves good friends from now on, shall we? (*Offers him her hand. They shake.*) I was going to say, Andy, that you can tell me about everything on the way down. We'll all go down in the big car, Uncle, and these things can follow in the small truck. I'll arrange with Thomas about it.

MR. B. Any way you wish, my dear. I've abdicated in your favor, and I'm going to give you a free hand.

CON. You're a brick, Uncle Jeff, and I (*Business-like tone.*) certainly trust that my services in this matter will meet with your approval. (*Both laugh.*) But remember, Uncle (*Aside.*), not a word about the letter. That's to be a dead secret.

MR. B. All right, my dear, your commands shall be obeyed.

CON. You can send Andy back here in a little while. He may be able to help us with some of these bundles.

ANDY. Oh, sure, ma'am, I'd be glad to. I'm right smart 'bout loadin' and unloadin' teams. Hed lots o' practice down home. So long, ma'am.

MR. B. We'll leave you now, dear—see you later.

CON. (*kisses her uncle*). All right, darling. Run away now for a little while. I have just bushels of things to do. (*Exit ANDY and MR. BRIXLEY. CONSTANCE takes shopping list from bag, scans it, talking half aloud, half to self, sorting various bundles.*) That's all settled. The two dresses—yes (*Crosses out on list.*), the shoes—that's the hat for the light dress—ummhmm—those are the “unmentionables”—yes—yes—that's all right—ummhmm. Yes, I think we got everything. My, my, what a day this has been. (*Stretches arms as though weary.*) I wonder where Nora can be. (*Enter NORA, L., picture of woe.*) Oh, there you are, Nora. I was just going to—why, good gracious, child, what has happened to you? Are you ill? Have you lost anything?

NORA (*bursts out crying*). Deed and I have, Miss Loring. I've lost the only thing in the world I wanted to keep, and it's all my own fault, too. Oh, Miss Constance, I hope as you won't be angry, but I couldn't help hearing you a-telling Mr. Brixley that you learned in college how to advise people out of their woes and worries—won't you please advise me, Miss Constance, p-l-e-a-s-e, because I—certainly *am* worried.

CON. Why, you poor girl, of course I'll advise you, but you mustn't have too much faith in what I can do. I really am in an awful hurry to get these things packed and loaded on the truck.

NORA (*eagerly*). On, but it won't take a minute, honest it won't, and—(*Sniffles.*) it's *so important*.

CON. There, there. Of course it is. That was very selfish of me. Of course I can take a minute, but you'll

make it short, won't you, Nora? Well now, out with it. (*They sit.*)

NORA. Well, ma'am, you see I've a young man, Joe McDermott by name, and he was the head waiter at the Granard Hotel. You know him, Miss Constance. Sure he was always telling me how he seen to it that you always got the best table whenever you came in there for lunch, and you give him the nicest smile. Oh, he was that fond o' you, Joe was!

CON. Well, I'm glad I made a good impression.

NORA. Well, Miss, I'm that foolish! I went to a show the other night and I heard them say that the way to make yer beau love yer is to keep him guessin'. So whin I went to a dance with Joe last Saturday night I danced with all the other fellows and only give Joe one dance, and—I've—lost—him.

(*Throws apron over her face and cries aloud.*)

CON. But what did you do that for, Nora?

NORA (*sniffing*). Why, it was a test!

CON. A what?

NORA. A test. T-e-double s-t (*Spelling.*), test.

CON. Oh, I see! A test. But why do you say you have lost him?

NORA (*crying again*). Because I have. When I called him up this morning they told me he had gone—left—and I don't know where. He never said go-o-od-by-y-ye—oh—oh!

CON. (*deep thought for a moment*). Nora, stop your crying at once. I know exactly what to do. You are coming with me. Run up-stairs and put a few things in a suit case and come back as soon as possible. Everything's going to be right as right can be.

NORA. And Joe?

CON. You leave that all to me. I'll have everything fixed up fine.

NORA. Oh, Miss Constance, how will I ever thank you?

CON. Well, don't try now, anyway. I'm in too much

of a hurry. Run along now and don't be long, and on your way run in and tell Mr. Brixley to come in here at once, please.

NORA. I'll fly, Miss.

(Exit NORA, R. CONSTANCE busies herself with bundles, etc. Enter MR. BRIXLEY and ANDY.)

MR. B. You wanted me, Connie?

CON. Yes, Uncle Jeff. You see, dear, I have decided that Thomas must have an assistant at once.

MR. B. Thomas! The chauffeur! But what on earth —

CON. "Doctor's orders." Business doctor, I mean.

MR. B. (*resignedly*). Oh, I see. Of course. Well, what next?

CON. Next? Oh, I shall send a young man to you, and when he comes you will please engage him at once, and when you send the car down to Gresham County to bring us home, be sure (*Very emphatically.*) the new— young—man—comes—with—Thomas! This last is most important.

MR. B. Oh, I see, but (*Aside.*) I'll be damned if I do. I'm to send the new young man down with Thomas to get you. Anything else?

CON. Yes. Will you give me the telephone number of Gaines and Harcourt and then (*Mysterious.*) listen?

MR. B. Of course. "Chatham 6297." I'm all ears.

CON. (*gives number at 'phone*). Hello, Gaines and Harcourt? Mr. Harcourt, please. Miss Loring speaking. Miss Constance Loring. Yes, very urgent. (*Smiles.*) Hello, Mr. Harcourt, how do you do? This is Miss Loring. Yes. I have a little matter to put into your hands. I am speaking for my uncle, Mr. Brixley. (*Winks at latter; he throws up his hands in despair.*) Yes. You will please send some one out at once to locate Mr. Joe McDermott, who up to yesterday was the head waiter at the Hotel Granard. Find him and send him at once to Mr. Brixley at his home. He has a position for the man. Yes, thank you. That is all. Good-bye!

MR. B. (*utter consternation on his face*). But, my dear—a head waiter—a chauffeur—really, I do not see.

CON. (*flinging herself into chair*). And Auntie was worried that no one would “need my services.”

QUICK CURTAIN

(*Second Picture*)

(*All except MR. BRIXLEY with hats and wraps on. MISS RUGGLES, MRS. BRIXLEY in background. ANDY and NORA, carrying bundles out, CONSTANCE directing them. MR. BRIXLEY in chair, R. C.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as Act I.*

(Curtain rises on MR. ARTHUR seated, reading. Enter HEPSIBAH with hop, skip and jump.)

HEPSY. Oh, I say, Mr. Arthur, I just heard the most wonderful news.

MR. A. Indeed, Hepsy! What was it?

HEPSY. Well, I just met Abner Stiles comin' up from the Center and he told me that two men come in on the train this morning and they was asking fer news of anybody findin' a box round here. 'Course I don't know if it's my box they mean, but sounds pretty much like it ter me! What do you think?

MR. A. Why, I think you are right, Hepsy. Perhaps they are after it at last. Where did Abner say they were?

HEPSY. Well, he says they just come in this mornin' and they're stayin' down to the hotel in the Center. They've posted a notice up in the hotel office and Abner says that they's a reward. Gee! I'm so excited! But I never told Abner a word about me finding a box. I thought maybe he'd be wantin' to claim some o' the reward, so I just run like blazes back here to tell you about it. Gee, but I'm warm!

(Fans herself. Enter MRS. CROCKETT with pan of potatoes.)

MRS. C. Hepsy, Hepsy, haven't I told you not to use any saucy words!

HEPSY. I didn't know I did, Ma. What did I say?

MRS. C. Well, it doesn't sound nice for a little girl to say "run like blazes." That's slang.

(Seats herself and pares potatoes.)

HEPSY. Well, I guess you won't blame me when I tell you why I had to "run like blazes" to git here. *(Mysteriously.)* Some one's come fer the box.

MRS. C. Mercy gracious!

MR. A. Yes, and I really think there's more to this than we realize. Mrs. Crockett, if you are willing to leave the matter in my hands, I shall be glad to handle it for Hepsy.

MRS. C. Oh, yes, do, Mr. Arthur. I'd be fussed up to know what ter do, and Lemuel's too busy to bother. *(Goes to R; calls.)* Liz—Lizziebeth, come in here and git the latest news.

(Enter ELIZABETH, enveloped in bungalow apron, wiping hands on towel; smudge of flour on one cheek and arm.)

ELIZ. What is it, Mother? I was just getting the cookies ready.

HEPSY. Well, I guess you won't have no mind for cookies when you hear what's happened. They've come looking for the box!

ELIZ. Who? What box?

HEPSY *(in disgust)*. What box—ain't that just like her? Well, if that's all the brains ye get in a High School eddication, I ain't goin'. Why, *the box!* Our box—that I found down in your berry patch.

ELIZ. Really? Who's looking for it?

MR. A. Well, that's what I shall make it my business to find out before the day is over.

HEPSY. And say, I didn't tell ye everything either. Abner says there's a big bunch o' strangers came to the hotel last night. He says they're all swell New Yorkers; but, Lord! he don't know a swell New Yorker from a Wild West cowboy—ha, ha. And say, Liz, ye'd never know Andy Hobbs. He's actin' so queer. I just seen him fer a minit this mornin' and I thought he'd gone crazy. Acted as mysterious like; just as though the "spirits" had got him.

MRS. C. Well, I suppose his little trip to New York's gone to his head a bit. Andy's a good boy, just the samee.

ELIZ. No doubt he'll be over here by and by to tell us all about it. He never can keep anything to himself very long. Well, I must get back to the cookies.

HEPSY. Well, I don't think Andy'll be comin' over here right away, coz I yelled out to him ter come on over, and he yelled back ter me: "No, I can't come, and I ain't tellin' all I know neither." Now what do you think he could o' meant by that?

ELIZ. Well, if we wait a while we'll probably find out, and meantime I've got to get into the kitchen or there'll be no cookies.

MR. A. Yes, and I'm going to stroll down to the Center and see what I can find out about the strangers who are after that box. You still have the box safely hidden, haven't you, Hepsy?

HEPSY (*going to cupboard and taking out box and showing it*). Oh, yes, it's all here and fine and dandy, and everything's in it.

MR. A. (*looking out window*). Hello! Wonder what's happened now. Here comes Mr. Crockett running as hard as he can go.

MRS. C. Lem running! Some'n awful's happened. I've never knew that man to move a step quicker'n he wanted to, unless the evil one himself was pursuing him. Glory be! What d'ye s'pose is the matter?

(*Enter LEMUEL, rear; breathless; flings himself into chair. Fans with hat; breathes heavily; all stand expectant.*)

LEM. Well, by the Great Jiminy Jump Up's, and what d'ye suppose has happened now?

MRS. C. (*fearfully*). Oh, Lem, do tell us right away. I can't bear waitin'. Is it very bad news?

LEM. Bad news. Bad fiddlesticks. Who said it wuz bad, and who's keepin' yer waitin', I'd like ter know? Ain't I talking ez fast ez my tongue kin travel?

MR. A. Well, what's happened to Farmer Crockett?

LEM. Well, jest about a quarter of an hour ago Peterson's boy came over after me, and said ez how I wuz wanted on the telephone over ter his store. I wondered who in tarnation would be calling me right in the middle o' the day's work, but o' course ye never can tell, so I pelted over there, and who do ye think it wuz?

ALL. Who, oh, who?

MR. A. I haven't the faintest idea, I'm sure.

LEM. Wall, it wuz the head of the Brixley Shovel Works; himself.

MR. A. Jeffrey Brixley!

ELIZ. Impossible!

LEM. Impossible nuthin'! I tell ye it was him a-callin' right down frum Noo York. Said he hed ter git me on the nearest tel-ey-phone, and he was surprised such a big man in this town as I wuz shouldn't have a 'phone in his own place.

HEPSY. Sure pop, we've said that lots o' times.

LEM. Wall, perhaps it mightn't be sech a bad idee to hev one in.

MRS. C. } What!
ELIZ. }

LEM. Why, sure. Ef it's goin' ter be used fer farm business, strikes me it might be a good investment.

MR. A. And what did Mr. Brixley want you for?

LEM. Wall now, I'm comin' to that. He called me ter tell me that his wife, Mrs. Brixley, and his niece and business representative, Miss Loring, happened ter be in our neighborhood and would give themselves the pleasure of callin' on my wife and darter this afternoon.

MR. A. Well, I'll be d—ahem—de-light-ed.

(Gives ELIZABETH meaning look.)

MRS. C. Here—oh, Pa!

ELIZ. Not really, Father! What shall we do?

(She and her mother look at each other in despair.)

LEM. Not really. Well, by Heck, I guess it is really, and I don't know what we're all standin' round here like

a bunch o' do-nothin's. Get busy now and fix this place up a bit. (*Starts to dust furniture with hat and pocket handkerchief; ELIZABETH, HEPSIBAH and MRS. CROCKETT fly round frantically putting things in place and dusting, etc.*) Now I got ter go and git washed up a bit.

MR. A. I'll go along too, Mr. Crockett. I want to see a couple of men down in the village. (*Starts to go with LEMUEL.*) I'll be back soon. I want to meet your guests. [*Exit LEMUEL and MR. ARTHUR.*]

ELIZ. (*taking off apron, revealing very shabby dress*). Oh dear, what ever shall we do? Just see the way I look, and my hair!

(*Goes to mirror; tries to rearrange hair.*)

MRS. C. Oh, Lizziebeth, do ye think it has anything to do with that——

ELIZ. (*silences her. Looks at HEPSIBAH*). Of course not, Mother. Don't be absurd. Oh, if it had only been any other day but this; just when I've been trying to make up my mind to go to the "social" to-night in my old rags. Well, if they're coming, they're coming, and I suppose we'll have to make the best of it.

(*Enter MISS RUGGLES from rear. Auto horn heard outside. MISS RUGGLES with voluminous auto veil tied about hat.*)

HEPSY. Oh, hello, Miss Ruggles. We never expected you back till late. Hiram was goin' to hitch up and meet ye on the four-fifty-five train.

MISS R. Well, I'm here, and I didn't wait for a train. Some friends brought me in their machine.

HEPSY. Oh, some o' those swell dames you was always governessing about?

MISS R. Yes, the very same. And, my dear, I have (*To ELIZABETH.*) some wonderful news for you and your mother.

ELIZ. For me! Heavens! I don't think I can stand another thing. What is it now?

MISS R. You are going to have some very distinguished company in a very few minutes.

MRS. C. Well, we know that; but mercy on us, how did *you* know it?

HEPSY. Huh! Her? She knows everything.

MISS R. Well, I know it, because I came down with them. Miss Loring, who is Mr. Brixley's niece and business adviser, used to be a pupil of mine, and she gave me a message for you.

ELIZ. For me? What is it?

MISS R. She is outside in the machine now, and your father is talking to her. She wants to have a few minutes in here alone with your father before she meets you and your mother. Do you mind?

ELIZ. Mind? I should say not. I feel as though I shall scream right out any minute.

(Goes to exit L. with MISS RUGGLES.)

HEPSY. Come on, Ma, we got to beat it, too. I guess we're what you would call "dee tropp."

(Exit MRS. CROCKETT and HEPSIBAH. From rear enter LEMUEL and CONSTANCE, busily talking, MRS. BRIXLEY following.)

CON. Yes, as I was saying, Mr. Crockett, I was very much surprised to find such a model farm tucked away down here. I had no idea that I was coming to such an up-to-date place. You see, the first glimpse of the house would hardly lead one to expect it.

(Pauses expressively.)

LEM. *(rather sheepishly)*. Wall, I s'pose that's so. Yer see, I ben so busy gettin' things fer the farm thet I s'pose I hev rather let the house go. My wife and darter's allers tellin' me that. Where are they, by the way? I'll call 'em.

CON. Oh, wait just a minute, Mr. Crockett. You see

I do so enjoy having this little talk alone with you. We seem to understand each other so well.

(*Smiles at him.* MRS. BRIXLEY *shows admiration and amusement.*)

LEM. Wall, I will say you're a purty bright young pusson fer a female. I ain't got much use fer most on 'em, but you do seem to make me feel real comfortable talking to you. I'll say that.

CON. Oh, I'm so glad to hear you say that, because I felt the same way about you. I knew I was going to like you the moment I met you.

LEM. (*throws out chest*). That's awful nice of you, ma'am—but I'll call the wife.

CON. Oh, just one minute, Mr. Crockett. I wanted to say just one thing more. You see, I am representing my uncle during his illness, so he has commissioned me to talk to you about a little matter of business. I was so glad to hear you say that you had not bought anything for the house lately. It proves that my uncle has very good judgment.

LEM. I don't quite git what yer drivin' at, ma'am.

CON. Well, you see, it's this way. The Brixley Company have adopted a new plan of doing something each year for their very best customers, in order to show their appreciation of the business that they give them. Now you know, Mr. Crockett, you are one of their very best customers, isn't he, Auntie?

MRS. B. Oh, yes indeed, one of the very best. I have often heard Mr. Brixley say so.

LEM. Wall, I guess I hev given them a few good orders in my day.

MRS. B. Indeed you have.

CON. Yes, and they appreciate it and they wished to do something to show that appreciation; so my uncle thought that since you had been buying so many things for the farm all these years —

MRS. B. And we knew you had a wife and some girls in your family.

CON. That it would be much nicer to make you a gift of some things for the house.

MRS. B. And pretty things that the women could enjoy. Don't you think so?

LEM. (*puzzled*). Wall, I suppose it is pretty nice o' them, but I jest don't quite understand; but I'll call 'em and you kin talk to 'em yerself. I got ter think this thing out a bit. (*Goes to L.; calls loudly.*) Liz, Lizzie, I want that you and yer mother should come here right away.

(*Enter MRS. CROCKETT, ELIZABETH, MISS RUGGLES and HEPSIBAH.*)

MISS R. (*going to CONSTANCE*). My dear, I want you to meet Mrs. Crockett and Miss Elizabeth and Hepsy Crockett. Elizabeth, this is Miss Loring. And Mrs. Brixley. Miss Elizabeth and Mrs. Crockett.

(*They all acknowledge introductions and shake hands.*

MRS. BRIXLEY engages MRS. CROCKETT in conversation. Exit LEMUEL, R.)

CON. I'm so glad to have an opportunity of talking to you, Miss Crockett. Miss Ruggles has told me so much about you.

ELIZ. Well, I hope she has said nice things. You see, it was quite a surprise to me to find that Miss Ruggles knew you at all.

CON. She knows me very well, I'm afraid—knows all my faults, too.

MISS R. Well, they're not very bad ones, I must say.

HEPSY. That's the nicest thing I ever heard Miss Ruggles say about any one. You must be "teacher's pet."

CON. (*laughing*). Oh, I hope not, and I even hope more than that. I hope you are going to like me too, Hepsy, when we get to know each other a little better.

HEPSY. Well, if I didn't like you, I'd be sure to like the duds you wear anyway. My, but them is swell

clothes. That's the kind you wanted, ain't it, Liz—ter wear to the Garden Party to-night?

ELIZ. (*embarrassed*). Hepsy! Hush.

CON. Oh, don't let it trouble you, Miss Crockett. Every girl likes pretty clothes. She wouldn't be natural if she didn't; and I *know* that you do.

ELIZ. Oh, Miss Loring, please, please don't let's talk about clothes. I suppose Mr. Brixley has told you——

CON. (*interrupting her quickly*). Of course he has told me. He tells me everything. (*Aside.*) Not a word about that letter to anybody—and don't be a bit surprised whatever happens.

(MRS. BRIXLEY *rises and comes to c.*)

MRS. B. You see, Miss Elizabeth, I have just been explaining to your mother that we came down here on a little matter of business for Mr. Brixley. You know he is laid up with a broken ankle.

ELIZ. Yes, we read of it in the paper.

MRS. B. Well, Mr. Brixley desired to (*Enter LEMUEL.*) send your father a gift of some sort as a mark of appreciation of the amount of business he has been giving the Brixley Company these last few years, but Constance and I thought that since he had bought so many things for the farm, that it would be so nice to have the gift take the form of something that you and your mother could enjoy. We even asked Miss Ruggles' advice too, and she agreed with us.

MISS R. Yes, after being around here for four weeks, I certainly did.

(LEMUEL *collapses speechless in chair.*)

MRS. B. (*spies LEMUEL*). So you see, Mr. Crockett, this time you are going to be left out in the cold.

CON. (*turning to him*). Have we your permission to bring the things in, Mr. Crockett? Nora and Andy Hobbs are waiting outside till we give the word.

MRS. C. Andy Hobbs! Good Land o' Goshen, what does he know about it?

HEPSY. Hep oh! Now I begin to see it all. He's been to New York, and I suppose he was in on the secret and that's why he acted like a "crowin' rooster" when I saw him. Gee! I don't understand this whole business one bit. I hate mysteries.

CON. Is it all right, Mr. Crockett? May we bring the things in?

LEM. (*resignedly*). Oh sure, don't ask me. I ain't in this party. You women folks suit yerselves. I'll not interfere.

CON. Oh, Mr. Crockett, that's so nice of you! But then I knew that we could count on you to help. (*Goes to door and waves.*) All right, Nora. Come in, Andy. (*MISS RUGGLES and MRS. BRIXLEY motion all others to various positions about the room. Enter ANDY and HIRAM, each with large rug rolled up. Drop them to floor, pick up old rugs, throw them out of way, put down new ones. Enter NORA, laden with bundles. MRS. BRIXLEY, CONSTANCE and MISS RUGGLES take them from her. She goes out, returns with more; also ANDY and HIRAM bring in steamer trunk, suit case, etc. CONSTANCE, to ELIZABETH and HEPSIBAH.*) Don't you girls want to help us too? (*Gives them new curtains to put up, arranges number of potted plants, Madiera cloth for table, several sofa cushions and decorative draperies. If possible, one or two new chairs, sections for a bookcase, etc. A victrola to replace the old one, with a number of records. Several good pictures. Every one excited, running back and forth, bumping into each other, laughing, all talking at the same time. HIRAM brings in step-ladder; CONSTANCE climbs it to hang a picture; ANDY helps her up, hands her hammer, nails, etc. CONSTANCE, from top of ladder.*) Come now, Mr. Crockett, we can't do all this without your help. Have I got this picture quite straight?

LEM. Wall, I cal'late you hev, accordin' to my eye. (*Looks around.*) But I swan, I never did think that fixin's could make so much difference in a place.

(*Enter MR. ARTHUR, rear.*)

MR. A. Hello, what's all this? Well, w-h-e-w-w-w.

(Whistles.)

(At sound of his voice, CONSTANCE turns round on ladder, looks astonished, and sits down on top rung of ladder, dropping hammer in surprise, and narrowly escapes hitting LEMUEL with it.)

CON. Well, Franklyn Arthur, where under the sun did you drop from?

MR. A. Drop from? Why, my dear young lady, I've been staying at this farm for nearly a month.

CON. You have! (Looks at MISS RUGGLES.)

MISS R. Good land, child, I clean forgot all about telling you that. We had so much to talk about that it clean went right out of my head.

HEPSY. I'll bet it's the first time in her life that she ever forgot to pass on any news.

MRS. C. (warningly). Hepsy!

MR. A. But I say, who's the fairy here whose magic wand has changed everything like this?

(Shakes hands with MRS. BRIXLEY.)

ELIZ. Oh, it is Miss Loring and Mrs. Brixley. They've both been just wonderful, Mr. Arthur.

MR. A. Mr. Arthur? I thought we had decided that it was to be "Franklyn" after this?

(ELIZABETH looks embarrassed. CONSTANCE looks at him sharply and descends ladder. MR. ARTHUR offers her his assistance. She waves him aside and takes LEMUEL'S hand to help her down.)

CON. Fairy! Nothing! Why, we haven't even begun yet. You have yet to meet the original "Fairy Godmother." (Points to MRS. BRIXLEY.) We've got the house fixed up. Now you are going to see how the people look. (Enter HIRAM and ANDY, NORA and HEP-SIBAH with more boxes and bundles.) Now, Miss Crockett, will you go to your room, please, with Nora, and let

her leave some of these things there? (*Opens trunk. Holds up suit, dark dress, shoes, etc., one after another.*) These are what the Fairy Godmother has brought to you, but if you will go with Nora, she'll have you back here in fifteen minutes, and I promise you that you will not miss a thing of what's going on.

ELIZ. Well, we've put ourselves in your hands, as Father says, so I suppose I must obey orders.

[*Exit, L., NORA and ELIZABETH.*]

MRS. B. And now, Mrs. Crockett, if you will let Miss Ruggles and me go with you to *your* room, we promise that you, too, shall be back in fifteen minutes.

MRS. C. Oh, but really I can't be —

LEM. Oh, go 'long, Ma. Don't allus be argyfyng 'bout something.

MRS. C. Very well, Lem, if you say so.

(*MRS. BRIXLEY takes a box, and MISS RUGGLES a bundle. Exit both with MRS. CROCKETT.*)

HEPSY. Gee! I must be a stepchild round here. I feel as if I wuz goin' ter bawl.

CON. (*quickly*). Why, Hepsy, child, of course you are not going to do any such thing. I only kept you here until the last because I am going to fix you up *myself*.

HEPSY (*delightedly*). You are! Really, Miss Loring? What am I going to have?

CON. You just wait and see! Andy, please open my suit case and give me the brush and comb that you see there. (*Picks up bundle and starts to open it.*) Now, Hepsy, you come over here behind the curtain, and I'll have you changed in less than two shakes of a lamb's tail. Do you know how long that is, Mr. Crockett?

LEM. 'Deed I do, ma'am; 'deed I do. (*Chuckles.*) Purty smart gal, that; purty smart.

(*CONSTANCE and HEPSIBAH retire for few moments while HEPSIBAH's dress is being changed. This may be done in any way convenient.*)

CON. (*from behind curtain*). Oh, Franklyn, will you

please find me a bundle containing a pair of slippers for Hepsy? It's right there on top.

MR. A. Why, yes, gladly, but how will I know it? I wouldn't dare open most of these bundles.

CON. Oh, you'll know it by the shape. It's all "stick-y out" and irregular.

ANDY. Yep. I seen it. Looks like it had warts on the top. Here, I'll help ye find it.

(HIRAM, ANDY, LEMUEL and MR. ARTHUR all search frantically for parcel.)

LEM. Here it be. I got it. (*Attempts to straighten up. Claps hand on back.*) Ouch! Gosh all tarnation. I jest dropped a stitch in my back. Guess I ain't ez young ez I used ter be!

CON. (*coming out from behind curtain with HEPSIBAH, the latter all arrayed in new gown*). Nonsense, Mr. Crockett; you're still a young man. Mustn't talk about getting old for the next twenty years yet. (LEMUEL grins. CONSTANCE takes brush and comb and ribbon.) Now, Hepsy, just get into these slippers and then sit down here while I fix your hair.

(HEPSIBAH slips on new shoes. Business of having hair combed, pulled, twisted and arranged while four men look on, expressing opinions, disapproval, offering suggestions, etc., such as: "I should think it ought ter be hoisted a leetle over the left ear," or "Why don't yer tie the ends with a red ribbon like we put on the end of Betsy cow's tail, ha, ha!") When work is finished, enter MRS. CROCKETT, MISS RUGGLES and MRS. BRIXLEY from R., MRS. CROCKETT arrayed in silken gown, hair becomingly dressed; vast improvement in appearance.)

LEM. (*looking at her in astonishment*). Wall, I snumb!

HIRAM. } Gosh! Gee!
ANDY. }

HEPSY. Lordy, Ma, you look almost as nice as I do.

(Pirouettes around.)

CON. Well, you certainly do look awfully nice, Mrs. Crockett. Now we can see what a pretty woman you really are. *(To LEMUEL.)* Don't you think so?

LEM. Holy Jumpin' Jiminy! I don't know what to think round here any more. It just don't all seem natural ter me somehow. I ain't quite got this thing figgered out ter my own satisfaction yet. Why should —

(Scratches head as though thinking hard. CONSTANCE smiles at her aunt and MR. ARTHUR.)

MRS. B. Oh, well, Mr. Crockett, that's because it's all new to you just now. When you see how nice they all look when they are dressed up you will want them to look like that all the time.

CON. Well, just wait. The best is yet to come. I'll wager you'll be proud of your daughter when she gets to the Garden Party to-night, Mr. Crockett. Look at her.

(Enter ELIZABETH in beautiful summer costume, hat and parasol to match. NORA follows with wrap. All stand in admiration.)

MR. A. *(going to her and leading her to c.)*. My word, but you are a picture, Miss Beth. I shall be mighty proud to be your escort.

ELIZ. Oh, Miss Loring, I think it's all so wonderful. I don't dare to begin to thank you or I know I shall break down. I've got a big lump in my throat already.

HEPSY. Well, look at me, and fergit it. Don't I look like a real Fifth Avenoo millionaire kid?

ELIZ. You surely do look very nice, Hepsy, and oh! Oh! Mother!

(Runs to MRS. CROCKETT, puts head on her shoulder and cries. MRS. CROCKETT begins to dab eyes with handkerchief.)

MISS R. *(briskly)*. Here, here, this will never do. We can't have any water works here. Stop all that

nonsense right away. Do you know *I've* got to go to that Garden Party, or I know I shall just burst out of sheer curiosity. Not for the world would I miss seeing the natives *stare* at the whole pack of you. Now (*Looking round.*) *who's* going to take me?

CON. Well, I have decided to go with Auntie, and Andy has offered to be our escort.

MISS R. Well, then, Hiram, I guess you'll have to take me. As long as Evelina's not here I'm sure it won't matter, and I know Evelina wouldn't mind anyway. (*Aside.*) I'm not inclined to rob the cradle anyway.

HEPSY. Well, I'm going to that party too, and I'm going to take some o' my own money along and spend it, and celebrate, and have a high old time. Say, Mr. Arthur, I'd never dare ter go down ter the berry patch in these duds, would I? (*Laughs.*)

MRS. C. Land o' Goshen, child, I should hope not.

MR. A. Well, your mother has answered for me, Hepsy, but you folks have been giving me so many surprises and shocks since I came in—one after the other—that the news that I had to tell you went completely out of my head. Hepsy, where's that box you found last spring?

HEPSY. Oh, I got it in the cupboard. Want ter see it?

MR. A. Yes, let me have a look at it again. (*HEPSY goes to closet, brings box to MR. ARTHUR, who opens it and looks at contents.*) Well, I guess you have won the prize, little girl. These certainly must be the plans they are looking for.

MRS. B. (*excited*). Plans—found around here—in a tin box—why, Mr. Brixley is offering a reward of a thousand dollars for the return of those papers.

MRS. C. Good Land o' Goshen, don't tell me that!

MR. A. Well, it looks as though Hepsy gets the money. She found the box, and from what I heard down in the village to-day, these certainly are the missing plans. This is going to mean considerably more than a thousand dollars to you, Farmer Crockett. It will mean that the railroad is going to need a strip of

your land to put their line through. They'll pay you well for it, I haven't a doubt.

CON. Well, well, and so Hepsy found the box. Good for you, child. I'm glad you are going to get the thousand dollars.

HEPSY. Oh me! I don't want the money. I don't need it. I make all I want off o' the summer boarders. (*Winks at MR. ARTHUR.*) Let Liz have it. I found the box on her land anyway; so she'd be entitled to a half at that. She kin hev it all, and then she kin open her tea-room that she's set her heart on so. I don't want it.

ELIZ. Hepsy! (*Hugs her.*) You're a dear generous child! But, darling, I couldn't take the money from you, and besides—well, you see—I—well, I—don't—

MR. A. (*coming to C. and taking her hand*). Well, you see, folks, Elizabeth's not quite so sure now about wanting to open a *public* tea-room, because she's promised to share a *private* one with me very soon.

(*ELIZABETH, blushing, goes to her mother and father and kisses them. All others crowd around, laughing, congratulating her. Babel of voices. Auto horn sounds outside. Man's voice heard calling. ANDY runs to rear door and assists JEFFREY BRIXLEY to hobble in on crutches.*)

MRS. B. Jeffrey Brixley! Whatever made you do this?

CON. (*going to him*). Nunkie darling, you're a brick!

MR. B. I just couldn't resist the temptation. I had to come down and see the fun. (*They put him in a chair. NORA brings pillows, footstool. MISS RUGGLES puts new record on graphophone and winds it up.*) By the way, Constance, I came down over the road in the machine. Thomas drove, but he has a new assistant who came down with us. He's a very nice chap, and he's waiting outside *all alone*! His name is Joe McDermott.

(*NORA drops crutches which she is carrying, gives a loud shriek, runs to CONSTANCE and seizes her hands.*)

NORA. Oh, Miss Constance, you darling, you darling. You did it, you did it, just as you said you would. Oh, how can I ever thank you, how can I?

(Hugs CONSTANCE.)

CON. There, there, Nora, that's all right. Don't waste them on me! Save them for Joe.

(NORA rushes out, rear. Auto horn gives one long wail, then is silent.)

LEM. (comes to c.). Say, Miss Loring, I've jest about got "hep" to all this here business now. I ain't no dunce, yer know, and I kin see that it wuz all meant fer me. Wall, ye've learned me a lesson, and I ain't likely ter fergit it. I ain't a man ter do things by halves, neither, so I don't guess there'll be any cause fer complaint round here after this. I've got my eyes opened now. So let's shake hands, young lady, jest ter show there ain't no hard feelin's. (They shake hands.)

CON. Mr. Crockett, you're a trump. I knew you could be depended on every time. (All laugh.)

(MISS RUGGLES starts music, playing "What's the Matter With Father—He's All Right." HEPSIBAH begins to dance. CONSTANCE seizes ANDY and starts a jig. MR. ARTHUR takes ELIZABETH and joins in. MISS RUGGLES, with an air of desperation, takes MRS. BRIXLEY and they dance. Finally, with a loud "Whoop," LEMUEL CROCKETT takes his wife and they all do an old-fashioned Virginia Reel, MR. BRIXLEY thumping the floor with one crutch and slapping his knee with his free hand, keeping time to the music.)

SLOW CURTAIN

[NOTE.—If HIRAM is doubling for JEFFREY BRIXLEY he may exit at any convenient time to make the necessary change of costume.]

Plays for Junior High Schools

	Males	Females	Time	Price
Sally Lunn	3	4	1 1/2 hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
Class Day	4	3	3/4 "	25c
Chums	3	2	3/4 "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
Not On the Program	3	3	3/4 "	25c
The Cool Collegians	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1 1/2 "	35c
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	3/4 "	25c
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments	4	3	1/2 "	25c
West of Omaha	4	3	3/4 "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	3/4 "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1 1/2 "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1 1/4 "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1 1/2 "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1 1/2 "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	1	11	2 "	35c
Carrotty Nell		15	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c
The Clancey Kids		14	1 "	25c
The Happy Day		7	1/2 "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1/2 "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	3	5	3/4 "	25c
The Land of Night		18	1 1/4 "	25c
Local and Long Distance	2	6	1/2 "	25c
The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c
An Outsider		7	1/2 "	25c
Oysters		6	1/2 "	25c
A Pan of Fudge		6	1/2 "	25c
A Peck of Trouble		5	1/2 "	25c
A Precious Pickle		7	1/2 "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14		1 1/4 "	35c
The Turn In the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1 1/2 "	25c

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

	Miles	Small	Time	Price	Box Office
Camp Fidelity Girls	11		2 3/4 hrs.	35c	None
Anita's Trial	11		2 "	35c	"
The Farmerette	7		2 "	35c	"
Behind the Scenes	12		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Camp Fire Girls	15		2 "	35c	"
A Case for Sherlock Holmes	10		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The House in Laurel Lane	6		1 1/2 "	25c	"
Her First Assignment	10		1 "	25c	"
I Grant You Three Wishes	14		1/2 "	25c	"
Joint Owners in Spala	4		1/2 "	35c	\$5.00
Marrying Money	4		1/2 "	25c	None
The Original Two Bits	7		1/2 "	25c	"
The Over-Alls Club	10		1/2 "	25c	"
Leave It to Polly	11		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Rev. Peter Brice, Bachelor	7		1/2 "	25c	"
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BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

PATSY

A Comedy for Female Characters
In Two Acts

"Her real name was Patricia, but thus she did
decide,
That if they called her 'Patsy,' she need not
be dignified."

By
FANNIE BARNETT LINSKY
Author of "Forest Acres," etc.



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
1921

PATSY

CHARACTERS

MISS LUCRETIA LANE, "*Aunt Lu.*"

NITA FARRELL, *her niece.*

RUTH FIELDING, *Nita's chum.*

BEATRICE EDWARDS } *twins.*

PHYLLIS EDWARDS } *Nita's friends.*

OTHER GIRLS

HILDA WILLIAMS, *an insurance agent.*

PATRICIA MULDOON, *the maid.*

SCENE.—The living-room and library of "Lanescote," the home of Miss Lane and her niece.

TIME.—The Present.

ACT I. Afternoon. Three days before the wedding. June.

ACT II. The next day.



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reserved by the author.*

SCENERY

The room should be furnished in a manner suitable to a home of wealth and culture. Library setting. Piano and bookcases conveniently placed. Library table, up R., to be sort of table that would serve as dining table as well. Newspapers and books scattered on it. Also bon-bon dish containing candy.

Mirror on wall above bookcase. Small table suitably placed containing telephone—if possible concealed by "telephone doll" or any handsome covering.

Large elaborate screen shutting off rear corner L.

Cedar chest or Utility Box on floor near screen.

Tea wagon, containing pitcher and glasses, near hostess when curtain rises.

Exits down R. and up L., presumably to other rooms. Door at rear L., presumably to grounds and street. One window in rear wall near door looking out to grounds. Others where convenient. Windows open.

Bell or bell cord, rear wall, to ring for maid. One or two floor lamps if possible, which in first act may be lighted, and in second act may be switched off one at a time to give impression of darkening of room owing to storm.

Summer hats on top of piano, and pretty sewing bags hanging on backs of chairs.

CHARACTERS

MISS LANE is a spinster about fifty, dressed well and becomingly in modern costume befitting her age and wealth. A cultured, refined woman.

NITA and her FRIENDS are dressed suitably for young girls, in pretty summer costumes. The twins to be

dressed alike and one to echo what the other says. The old-fashioned costume for NITA may be any pretty gown of the period of fifty years ago.

HILDA wears a dark dress, and has a business-like manner.

PATRICIA wears the regulation costume for a maid.

PATSY

ACT I

SCENE.—*A living-room in MISS LANE's house.*

(The curtain rises on group of girls seated about stage in semicircle, with sewing in laps. Babel of voices. Tea wagon near NITA, all apparently just finishing refreshments of lemonade and cookies as curtain goes up. NITA collects glasses, rolls tea wagon out of way and all resume hemming napkins.)

NITA (*jumps up to pass candy*). Really, I think it's awfully nice of you girls to come and help sew on my trousseau. If you do all those napkins for me, I shan't have a thing left to sew after I'm married. I'm pretty nearly all ready as it is. Think of it! Three whole days still to the wedding, and everything done! I never heard of such a thing. But that's all because of Aunt Lu. She's so forehanded, you know—she'd never be guilty of leaving things to the last minute.

RUTH. I think your aunt's a trump, Nita. You always were the luckiest creature! A lovely aunt like Miss Lucretia to bring you up and spoil you and give you everything your heart desired, and now a dandy fellow like my brother Bob to fall in love with you, (*Ducks a sofa cushion which NITA shies at her.*) and marry you. O land! (*Mock envy.*) Why do some girls have everything!

BEATRICE. You've got a nerve, calling your own brother a dandy fellow. You hate yourself, don't you?

PHYLLIS. Yes! Don't you?

RUTH. Well, he is a dandy fellow. Don't take my word for it, ask Nita. *(All laugh.)*

BEATRICE. Oh, Nita, do show us some of your things if you have them all ready. We're simply dying to see them.

PHYLLIS. Simply dying.

NITA. Well, don't die, my children, for goodness' sake. I don't want to be an executioner. I want to be a "blushing bride." So gather round, all of you, and I'll show you some of my collection.

(Goes to cedar chest. Takes out various pieces of table linen, lingerie, etc. Passes them to girls.)

RUTH. My, what beautiful things, Nita. Gosh! I begin to think my brother's the lucky one! *(Looks at luncheon cloth.)* And what exquisite embroidery. Who did your monogram like that, Nita?

NITA. Oh, that's Aunt Lu's work. You know she's a wonderful needle-woman. She did most of the initialing on my linens. She's just been perfectly darling to me, anyway, all my life, and she's going to give me a wonderful wedding gift. What it is, she won't tell, but she says it's going to be something fine, and when Aunt Lu says that, you may be sure it will be something worth while. I'm not to know what it is till just before the wedding, and I'm just as curious as I can be. And now, girls—I can't show you my dresses because they're all up-stairs, but I did bring just one down here to show you because it has such an interesting history.

(Goes behind screen and brings out old-fashioned hoop-skirt gown.)

BEATRICE. Oh, how lovely!

PHYLLIS. How lovely!

OTHERS. How dear; how adorable! *(Etc.)*

NITA. Well, this dress was my mother's, and the day before her wedding she wore it to have her picture taken in.

RUTH. Oh, yes, I know—that large picture up in Miss Lucretia's room.

NITA. Yes. You see, Mother was Aunt Lu's favorite sister, and when she died, when I was born, Aunt Lu took me and I've been with her ever since. Well, Aunt Lu has taken a notion that I'm to dress up in this same costume to-morrow morning, just as Mother did, and have my picture taken. She says I'll understand why later on. But of course I'd do it to please her anyway. So you'll all see my picture as "an old-fashioned lady."

(Curtseys. While she is speaking, the bell rings. PATSY goes to door, rear. Comes back with package.)

PATSY. For you, Miss Nita.

(Leaves room by door L.)

NITA *(lays gown across back of chair)*. Wedding presents already! How exciting. *(Opens package.)* By the way, girls, did you notice our latest? That's Aunt Lu's new maid, "fresh from the 'auld sod," and she's fresh all right. Aunt Lu and I went down to the office three times to interview her before we could make up our minds to take her. Her name is "Patricia," if you please! *(Holds up silver bonbon dish.)* Oh, girls, isn't this just beautiful? *(Looks at card.)* From Mr. Sherry,—that's Aunt Lu's lawyer. He was here yesterday attending to some business matters. Isn't he a peach to send me such a lovely gift!

RUTH. It certainly is a beauty. You are the luckiest girl! *(Gives her a little hug.)*

BEATRICE. That's a beauty, Nita.

PHYLLIS. Yes, a beauty!

BEATRICE. But really, dear, we girls must be moving. I'm sure it's later than we think!

PHYLLIS. Yes, we must be going.

NITA. Oh, don't hurry, girls. Ruth, you'll stay, won't you? *(RUTH nods.)*

OTHERS. Oh, we must go; it's getting late!

NITA. Well, Ruth and I will walk down the road with you a little way. It's just been lovely of you girls to come and I've enjoyed having you so much. (*GIRLS all put on hats while she is speaking. NITA gets hers from behind screen. Passes dish of candy once more.*) Here, girls, have a last piece before you go. Bob sent me this box from Washington. These caramels are delicious. (*All eat, and chat. NITA rings bell. PATRICIA appears, L.*) Oh, Patricia, please straighten out this room, and hang that dress very carefully away. Tell Miss Lane that Miss Ruth is staying for tea, and that we have just gone down the road a bit with the other girls.

PATSY. Yes, Miss. (*She makes a little curtsy. GIRLS exit, laughing and chatting, PATRICIA gazing after them. Goes to window, back R., and watches them down road. Comes back to C. Folds up linens. Pauses, cloth in hand.*) My, ain't Miss Nita just grand, and ain't that an ilegant hat she wears. Sure I'm thinking that would be most becomin' to my style o' beauty. It must be foine to be rich (*Shakes cloth.*) and purty (*Shakes.*), and engaged (*Shakes.*), and have everything ye want. (*Puts linens in box. Picks up gown. Puts it on hanger. Gives it little shake. Paper envelope falls on floor. PATRICIA does not notice. Goes behind screen with gown. Just then voice of MISS LANE heard calling from next room, "Patricia, Patricia, where are you?" PATSY, aside, emerging from behind screen.*) Sure, now where would I be but here. (*Aloud.*) Here I am in the liberry, Miss Lane. Do you want me?

MISS L. Yes, come here please for a moment. (*PATRICIA starts for door L., sees envelope, picks it up and unconsciously tucks it in pocket of apron. Goes toward door but before she reaches it MISS LANE appears.*) Oh, there you are, Patricia. Never mind if you are busy. Have you seen Miss Nita?

PATSY. Oh, yes, ma'am, she said as how I was to tell you that she wint down the road with the gals, and as how Miss Ruth would stay to tea.

(Continues to straighten up room, very noisily. MISS LANE seats self at table. Picks up newspaper. Watches PATRICIA over top. Starts at each noise. PATRICIA finally tips over chair.)

MISS L. Good gracious, Patricia! Can you not be more careful? I do dislike noise so much.

PATSY. Yes, ma'am, I don't like it mesilf, not a bit of it.

MISS L. Well, then, please make a little less. By the way, did the young ladies seem to enjoy the afternoon?

PATSY. Oh, an' that they did, Miss Lane. And thim all lookin' so purty, and Miss Nita was so happy like; a-showin' thim all the purty things (*MISS LANE nods.*) and they all sewed on the napkins tor her, and just in the middle of it all the parcel boy brought Miss Nita a present and I brought it in to her—and dearie me it jest remoinded me of the auld days in Donegal, when we'd all gather together whin anny one was goin' to be married, and we'd —

MISS L. Mercy, child, how your tongue does wag. Don't you ever get tired talking?

PATSY. Sure I niver gets the chance.

MISS L. Well, I surely get very tired listening to you; and how you ever got the name Patricia is more than I can understand.

PATSY. How I ivver got it! Sure I got it because me father giv it to me, that's how! And though it's Patricia that's really me name, sure no one ivver calls me that. It's Patsy I am to everybody. Me father was that disappointed whin he found I wasn't a boy that he vowed I'd have a boy's name anyhow.

MISS L. Yes, yes, that is very interesting.

(Turns back to paper.)

PATSY. But please, ma'am, and will you be callin' me Patsy? The other sounds too dignified for me. Ye see if there's one thing I haven't got it's dignity.

MISS L. *(aside).* I'm afraid there's more than one. *(Aloud.)* Well, I can hardly say that I feel very com-

fortable about calling a young woman Patsy, but if it will make you any happier (*Aside.*) and stop your tongue from wagging, why, I suppose there can be no harm in it.

PATSY. Oh, no, ma'am, no harm at all, sure. I'm not the kind that fits "Patricia" at all, at all. Patsy's more my style. I'd like to go on the stage (*Dances a few steps.*) if I had me own way.

MISS L. Patricia!

PATSY. Patsy, if you please, ma'am. Well, and why not? Is it shocked ye are? Now I don't see why. I think I'd make a foine chorus girl. I may not have dignity but I am graceful.

(*Dances a few steps, humming.*)

MISS L. (*freezingly*). That will do, Patric'—I mean Patsy. I am not interested in your leanings towards the chorus.

PATSY. Oh, I'd not be leaning indeed, Miss Lane. I'd stand up very straight so as to make a good impression on the front row. Why, do ye know me father's cousin's daughter was a maid to a high-tone actress back home, and she looked me over and said I was just perfect all except for one thing.

MISS L. (*trying to read*). Indeed!

PATSY. Yes, ma'am, jest one thing. And ye'd never guess that. (*Coming closer, in a dramatic whisper.*) I've got false teeth!

MISS L. (*shocked*). Good gracious girl! What is that to me?

PATSY (*triumphantly*). There, I knew you never would suspect it! It doesn't spoil me beauty any,—now does it?

MISS L. Impossible!

PATSY (*straightening chairs*). Well, now as I was tellin' ye, me father's cousin's daughter —

(*Enter NITA and RUTH. NITA kisses MISS LANE; RUTH shakes hands.*)

NITA. Hello, Auntie dear, we've had such a lovely afternoon.

RUTH. Yes indeed, the girls were all so interested in Nita's outfit. (*Remove hats. PATRICIA takes them.*)

PATSY. My, but that's an elegant hat, Miss Nita. I always did love that color. (*Puts hats on piano.*)

NITA. Well, if you are extra nice all next week and help Auntie as much as you can, I may give it to you when I get married.

PATSY (*with a curtsy*). Oh, thank you, ma'am.

MISS L. That will do now, Patric'—I mean Patsy. (*The two girls look surprised. Exit PATRICIA, L.*) My, but that girl is a chatterbox. She'll be the death of me yet. Insists that I call her Patsy—says Patricia's too dignified. How do you like that?

NITA. Well, she's smart, just the same. Several times I've sent her on errands and she really used a little common sense—that's more than most of them will do. Oh, and Auntie, did you see the lovely gift that Mr. Sherry sent me?

MISS L. Why no!

NITA (*goes to piano, takes down box containing gift, accidentally knocks down dish containing chocolates*). Goodness! I guess all the excitement has gone to my fingers.

MISS L. Never mind, dear, don't let it unnerve you. (*Rings bell. PATRICIA appears.*) Patsy, please pick up the candy. Miss Nita accidentally upset the dish. (*All three look at the gift.*) Well, that is certainly very nice, dear, for a first gift. I am sure there are many more even nicer ones coming later.

(*Pats NITA's cheek. Picks up paper once more. RUTH takes magazine. NITA strolls to piano. Puts gift on top. Drums a few notes. If possible, might play and sing a little song. Meantime PATRICIA, on all fours, picks up caramels. Glances quickly at others, sees no one looking, slips piece of candy in her mouth. Continues to hunt for moment, suddenly springs to feet in great distress. Makes numerous facial contortions but does not speak.*)

NITA (*suddenly*). Oh, Auntie dear, suppose we have

our dinner in here to-night, since we are just the three of us. Ruth's not company now. I think it's lots more cozy than the dining-room.

MISS L. (*looking up*). All right, dear, I'm perfectly willing. Patsy, will you please set places for the—— Good Heavens, what is the matter?

(RUTH jumps up. Knocks over chair in excitement.

NITA rushes forward, seizes PATRICIA by arm, shakes her.)

RUTH. Heavens, I think she is going to have a fit. I'll get some water.

(Rushes out and back with glass.)

NITA. Have you got a pain? Can't you tell me where it hurts you?

(MISS LANE wrings hands agitatedly. PATRICIA motions wildly with hands. Shakes head. Points to candy dish.)

MISS L. I don't understand what she means, do you?

RUTH. Do you suppose she wants some candy?

(PATRICIA makes gurgling sound, shakes head violently. Finally opens mouth with sudden jerk.)

PATSY (*half inarticulately*). It was a caramel. Me teeth. (*Rushes from room, R.*)

MISS L. (*with little shriek throws up hands and bursts out laughing*). Well, bless my soul, did you ever hear anything like it? (*Laughs again. The girls look mystified.*) Why—er—ha-ha-ha, the creature just confessed to me that she had false teeth, and the caramel must have stuck to them. Ha, ha, that girl will be the death of me yet. (*GIRLS laugh heartily.*)

NITA (*wiping eyes*). Ha, ha, poor Bob's nice chocolate caramels all the way from Washington. Well, well, I'll keep the candy out of sight from now on. Come on, Ruth, we'll get the table ready and give Patsy a chance to collect her scattered wits and teeth.

MISS L. I guess I'd better go and see if she's all right. I never know exactly what to expect of her.

[*Exit, R.*

(NITA and RUTH move table c. stage.)

NITA (*going behind screen*). Here's the cloth, Ruth. I'll bring all the dishes in here. (*Leaves room, L.* RUTH *spreads cloth, etc.* NITA *reappears with tea wagon containing dishes, silver, etc.* *The two girls proceed to set table.*) Bob said he might get back to-night some time. He promised to call up if it wasn't too late.

RUTH. Yes, he told Mother he might get home either to-night or some time to-morrow. Isn't it to-morrow you are to sit for your picture, Nita?

NITA. Yes, in the morning. Do you know, I think it's rather queer that Aunt Lu should want me to wear that old-fashioned gown of Mother's, because Auntie really is very up to date in most things, but when I suggested that we have the dress fixed up a bit modern she didn't seem to want me to a bit, so I wouldn't think of hurting her. I'd really prefer wearing a dark dress or suit, and that hat. (*Nodding to where hat rests.*) I'm awfully fond of that purple hat.

RUTH (*drily*). Patsy seems to share your fondness for it.

NITA (*laughs*). Why, so she does—but then no harm, she's young and I suppose she likes pretty things. (*Glances at wrist.*) Pretty nearly time for tea; ah, here you are, dear.

(*Enter MISS LANE, R.*)

MISS L. Everything's ready; we'll sit right down. (*They sit.*) Well, Patsy seems quite subdued for the moment. Sh! Sh! (*Enter PATRICIA with first course, and waits on table with marked awkwardness. Trips, and puts hot dish against MISS LANE'S arm. Takes away wrong plate, etc. All eat.*) Do you know, Nita, that I have been thinking that with wedding gifts coming and so many extra valuables in the house, it might be a wise

plan to take out some extra insurance on your things. I believe in an ounce of prevention every time.

NITA. Why, yes, I think that would be a very good idea.

RUTH. Well, Miss Lane, if you do intend to do such a thing (*Mercy! as PATRICIA tips over glass of water.*) I wish you would let me send an old school friend of mine to you. Her name is Hilda Williams, and she's gone into the insurance business since her father died. She's a dear, and I'd really like to put a little business in her way.

MISS L. Why, certainly, Ruth dear. (*Good Heavens! as PATRICIA touches her with hot casserole.*) I am always glad to help any young person just starting out.

RUTH. I'll telephone and ask her to come out here this evening, may I? If you will excuse me I'll do it right now while we are waiting for dessert. (*Goes to 'phone. Gives number.*) Hello, hello, this you, Hilda? Well, Hilda, could you come out to Miss Lane's home tonight on a little matter of business? Yes, Nita's! you know where. Yes, we'll look for you. All right. Good-bye. (*Comes back to table. They finish eating.*) I'm sure Hilda will take care of your business very satisfactorily. She was the brightest girl in school, and every one felt so sorry when her family met reverses and she had to go to work.

(*All rise from table. Enter PATRICIA, L.*)

MISS L. I would like to write a letter before it gets too late, so I'll leave you girls to chat. [*Exit MISS LANE.*]

NITA. Come out on the porch, Ruth, it's such a lovely night.

RUTH. Don't you think you better have a wrap of some sort, Nita? You know we can't have you catching cold just now above all times.

NITA. Oh, Ruth dear, don't be foolish! It's just as warm as it can be! We don't need a thing!

[*Exit both, arm in arm.*]

(*PATRICIA clears table. Puts dishes on tea wagon,*

takes it out. Returns. Shakes out cloth. Telephone rings. She answers.)

PATSY. Oh, hello, hello, who's this? Oh, and is it yersilf? No, it's all right. They're all gone out to gaze at the stars, ha, ha. No, I can talk fer a minit, but no longer. They might be comin' back. And how is it ye are out on yer beat this early? Oh, so ye came out early to talk to me, now did ye? Ye haven't even got yer uniform on. Indeed! Sure you kissed the old Blarney stone all right. What's that? Would I come out and have a word with ye on the corner? Well—now—*(Hesitates. Hears slight noise.)* whist now, hold the line a minit —

(Puts covering over telephone. Enter RUTH.)

RUTH. Patsy, will you please give me a scarf for Miss Nita? It's a little cool out on the veranda, and I don't want her to take cold.

PATSY. Oh, sure, I will, Miss Ruth. *(Goes behind screen and returns with shawl.)* Here it is, Miss Ruth.

RUTH. Thank you, Patsy, that will do nicely. You see we have to be extra careful of Miss Nita this week, so that nothing will mar the plans for the wedding.

[Exit RUTH.]

(PATRICIA rushes to telephone, uncovers it and talks.)

PATSY. Hello, now, are ye there? Oh, sure and I thought ye'd get tired waiting. What? Ye'd never get tired waitin' fer me. Well, now sure and that's very kind of ye. What's that? Oh, will I come out? Well, *(Hesitates.)* well—seein' as how ye've been so patient—I—*might!* But mind ye, I could only stay a minit if I come. I'll just slip out without tellin' any one and I'll have to be back before Miss Lane comes down stairs. All right, then, I'll come right away. On the next block—not too near the house!—Some one might see me. Ah! g'wan with ye! *(Hangs up receiver, takes off apron, rolls it in ball, looks about for place to hide it out of sight. Finally tucks it in behind bookcase.)*

Looks about hurriedly. Pats hair. Goes toward piano. Hesitates. Finally takes NITA's hat, puts it on, surveys self with satisfaction in glass. Aloud.) Sure she said she was goin' to give it to me. I'll only be gone a minute and she'll never miss it. *[Exits hurriedly.]*

(Enter MISS LANE, L. NITA and RUTH stroll in from outdoors, arm in arm. Bell rings. No one appears to answer.)

MISS L. Well, I wonder where Patsy is now!

RUTH. Oh, let me go, Miss Lane; that is probably Hilda now. *(Goes to outer door. Reënters with HILDA WILLIAMS.)* Miss Lane, I want you to know my old school friend, Hilda Williams. This is Miss Lane, Hilda, and this is Nita Farrell, who is soon to be my sister-in-law.

(HILDA shakes hands with both. Removes hat and coat.)

MISS L. I'm so glad you've come up this evening while we haven't any guests, and I'm going to take you right up to my room to talk over this little matter and get it over with, and then the girls may have you for a real social time.

HILDA. Well, I'm sure that will be very nice. *(Turns to go.)* I'll see you girls later.

[Exit HILDA and MISS LANE, R.]

NITA. Dear me, it seems so lonesome here without Bob. Let's play a game of "Canfield," shall we, Ruth?

RUTH. Yes, I'd love to.

(They sit at table, facing audience. PATRICIA stealthily enters at back, breathless, hat in hand. Attempts to replace hat on piano, makes sound. NITA jumps and turns.)

NITA. Good Heavens, Patsy, how you startled me! I had no idea you were there. Where have you been?

PATSY. Where have I bin—why—why—now where would I be, Miss Nita?

NITA. Well, how should I know,—and what are you doing with my hat?

PATSY. Why—why—nothing,—of course. I—I—was just going to put it away for you.

NITA. Well, all right—put it away then, but you don't have to be so stealthy in your movements. You make me nervous. (*Telephone rings. PATRICIA starts to go, L., but stands in doorway listening.*) Oh, perhaps that's Bob. (*Runs to 'phone.*) Hello, hello, yes, this is Nita. Oh, Bob darling, it is you? When did you get in? What? Why, I don't understand you. You've been in town some time! Why, what makes you talk so queer? You what! You've lost all faith in me. Why, what do you mean? You realize how I've been playing with you. You saw me out with another young man. You recognized my hat, (*Getting angry.*) really! That's how I act when I think you're out of town. You were coming up here—well, (*Freezingly.*) don't inconvenience yourself, will you? If that's your opinion, why, it's useless for me to say anything. I don't care what you saw. Good-bye. (*Bangs down receiver and turns to RUTH.*) Well, did you ever hear of such a thing? He said the worst things. He saw me out with another young man, saw me run when he came in sight, and he was so positive and so unjust. I—I—(*Bursts into tears.*) I never want to see him again. I shall break my engagement this minute. (*Sobs.*)

RUTH (*comforts her*). There, dear, now don't take it so hard. I'm sure he didn't mean to be so hasty. Come on up-stairs and we'll talk it over and see what's best to do. [*Exit GIRLS, NITA still weeping.*]

PATSY (*coming to c.*). Glory be to St. Peter, and what a mess I've made now. There'll be the divvil to pay for sure, and I'll lose me job and thin what'll I ever do? (*Begins to sniffle.*) Oh, why was I ever tempted to go out to talk to that old Barry Gilligan at all, at all. Men are the very divvil anyway. (*Goes to window and peers out. Starts back.*) Good Lord, if there ain't Mr. Bob standin' there across the street lookin' over here. I suppose he is decidin' to come in and that'll

be the finish o' me. (*Thinks.*) I know what I'll do. I'll tell him the truth meself, and trust to me Irish luck.

(*Seizes hat belonging to HILDA and rushes out back. Reënter NITA and RUTH, the former still wiping her eyes, latter trying to comfort her.*)

RUTH. Don't feel so badly, dear, I know it will all come out right.

NITA. Well, I wouldn't care if he'd only asked me, but he was so sure. I just can't understand it at all. (*Goes to window. Peers out. Starts back.*) Well! Ruth Fielding, there's your precious brother now, right across the street, and he's walking with a girl. Look at him. (*RUTH goes to window.*) There, he's patting her arm. Very affectionate, I'm sure (*Sarcastically.*) but I must say he might have had the decency to keep a little further away from the house and not flaunt his affairs right in my face. (*Cries again.*) I never would have believed that Bob would do such a thing.

RUTH. But, Nita dear, I'm sure he will explain it all. I know that everything's all right. (*Puts arm about her.*)

(*Enter MISS LANE and HILDA.*)

MISS L. Well, we're all through with tiresome details of business. Why! Why! what is this? Tears? From a girl who is so soon to be a happy bride. What is the trouble?

NITA (*weeping*). I guess there'll be no "happy bride" for me. I shall break my engagement at once, unless certain things are very thoroughly explained by some.

(*Enter PATRICIA, breathless, her hair blown, and hat awry, and with a long box of flowers under arm. Runs to c., gives box to NITA, who looks at her in astonishment. Gives note to MISS LANE; then stands and smiles at everybody. MISS LANE opens note and reads aloud.*)

MISS L. (*reads*). "Ask Patsy"—why, what on earth

does that mean? Ask Patsy—what? Whatever is this all about?

HILDA. Well, I don't know what you are supposed to ask her, Miss Lane, but I'd like to ask her what she is doing with my hat?

PATSY (*hands going quickly to head*). Lord bless us, I fergot all about it. Sure, I only lended it fer a minute. You don't mind, now do you?

MISS L. Patsy! where have you been?

PATSY. Why, I've been out with a young man.

NITA. But where did you get these flowers?

(*Opens box.*)

PATSY. From Mr. Bob, of course.

MISS L. (*throwing up her hands*). Well, I must say I don't understand, and I detest mysteries. For goodness' sake, Patsy, whatever it is I am supposed to ask you, consider it asked, and please straighten out this tangle.

PATSY (*looking as if she enjoyed herself immensely*). Well now, bless your heart, don't get all befoozled (*MISS LANE gives indignant start.*) over a little nothing at all, at all. Now sit ye down here (*Bringing chair.*), and you (*To NITA.*) sit ye there, and you (*To RUTH.*) here, and you (*To HILDA, handing her her hat.*) sit right there. And now I'll tell yez the whole story. (*Stands in c., the others seated about her in semicircle, facing audience, and proceeds in great enjoyment.*) Well now, ye see, I have a frind, and his name is Barry Gilligan, and he's a nice boy, he is, and good lookin' too, and —

MISS L. Yes, yes, but we are not interested in your friends, Patsy. Please get to the important details.

PATSY (*hurt*). Well now, and ain't I comin' to 'em just as fast as me tongue kin travel?

NITA. Yes, yes, but for pity's sake go on!

PATSY. Well now, ye see, Barry, he's on the beat here at the corner and once in a while —

(*As she goes on with graphic description the curtain slowly falls, her voice trailing off to indistinctness.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as ACT I. The next day.*

(Large vase of flowers on piano. PATRICIA flourishing duster. Bell rings; she goes to door. Enter HILDA.)

HILDA. Good-morning, Patsy. Is Miss Lane at leisure? I want to see her on a matter of business.

PATSY. But she's not in, Miss Williams. She's gone out this half hour, and do you know *(Voice growing mysterious.)*, I think there's something the matter with Miss Lane this morning.

HILDA. Something the matter? Well, no wonder. You don't seem to realize, Patsy, how much your silly conduct yesterday upset Miss Lane. I know she was very angry, and you came mighty near losing your position.

PATSY *(dolorously)*. Oh, faith, and I do know that, Miss Williams. If Mr. Bob didn't come in and put in a good word for me and fix it all up with Miss Nita, I don't know where I'd be at all, at all.

HILDA. Well, will you tell Miss Nita that I'm here, Patsy?

PATSY. Faith, and she's not here either. She's all dressed up in her sainted mother's hoop-skirts, and she's went to have her picture taken.

HILDA. Oh, yes, I had forgotten this was the day she was to sit for her picture.

PATSY. But sure, and Miss Lane did seem awful upset over something about that dress. She kept walking all around Miss Nita, and her eyes filled up every time she looked at her—but she kept askin' Miss Nita all the time, "Did you find anything, dear?" or "Anything queer about the dress, darling?" and when Miss Nita went out of the room her aunt kept walking up and down, saying to herself, "How dreadful if it is lost. But I must not let the child know and spoil her picture!" and all such kind of talk.

HILDA. Well, probably it was Nita's dress. It reminds Miss Lane so much of her favorite sister that it upset her.

PATSY. Sure, it may be so, but it didn't seem like that to me.

HILDA. I think I'll wait here a few minutes, Patsy; but if they don't come in soon I'll have to go and come in later.

PATSY. Very well, Miss Williams. [*Exit PATRICIA, R.*

(*HILDA unbuttons coat and goes to bookcase, looks for book. Finally selects one from lowest shelf, and in taking it out draws with it a very much wrinkled apron. Holds it up.*)

HILDA. Hello, what's this? Some more of that mischief Patsy's doings, I'll wager. If I ever show this to Miss Lane it will certainly be all up with Patsy this time. (*Hesitates.*) Well, I guess I won't be hard on the poor girl. One can't help liking her even if she is such a minx. (*Seats herself at table and attempts to read for a moment, then tosses book aside.*) There's no sign of the folks yet, so I guess I had better not wait. (*Rings. PATRICIA enters.*) Patsy, I don't believe I'll wait any longer. When Miss Lane comes in you may say that I will return later. And, Patsy, by the way, do you know anything about this? (*Holds out apron.*) I found it tucked away on the bottom shelf of the bookcase.

PATSY (*taking apron*). Why, bless my soul, yes. I forgot all about it. It's my apron, of course. I hid it in there yesterday morning whin I went out—to see—to see—well, whin I went out.

HILDA. It's lucky for you I found it, for I'm afraid Miss Lane is hardly in a mood to excuse any more of your pranks. I'd advise you to be a little more careful in the future.

PATSY (*curtseys*). Yes, ma'am; thank you, ma'am. (*Exit HILDA, L. PATRICIA comes to C., humming, holding apron in hand. Telephone rings. She answers.*) Hello, hello—oh, and it's you, is it? Yes, this is me. You knew it right away? Well now, and aren't you

the discerning crature! And what is it ye want now? Ye're out on the beat early, are ye? And will I come out? Faith, and I will not. Sure, and do ye know all the foine fix I got in by goin' out to talk to ye yesterday? I nearly lost me job. Oh, ye're sorry, are ye? Well, now that's nice of ye, I'm sure! No, I can't come just the same. What's that? Ye're lonesome! Will I give ye something to remember me by? Well, faith (*Looks quickly around room.*), that and I will! Wait a minit! (*Goes to vase and takes out flower. Goes to table, looks all about. Runs to chair, takes up apron, wraps flower in it; goes back to 'phone.*) Are ye there? Oh, ye are, are ye? Well, now, and I've got a souvenir fer ye. Come over on the lawn and I'll throw something out of the window to ye—and mind, I've wrapped it up in me apron, and I want me apron back. How will ye git it to me? Well, let me think. Oh, I know. Ye can watch this window, and whin I'm in here all alone I'll let the shade run up to the top, and that'll be your signal, and ye can roll up the apron and throw it in to me through the window. All right. Foine. Good-bye.

(*Takes up flower, goes to window, leans out and throws bundle out. Comes in. Auto horn sounds outside. PATRICIA runs to door and opens it. Enter MISS LANE, NITA and RUTH. NITA dressed in old-fashioned gown, hair dressed in style of fifty years ago. MISS LANE in street clothes.*)

MISS L. Thank goodness, we're home. Now I must try and collect my thoughts.

(*Removes wraps. PATRICIA takes them out and returns.*)

PATSY. Miss Williams was here, ma'am. She said she'd be back later. Do you wish me for anything else, ma'am?

MISS L. No, no, that will do. (*Exit PATRICIA. MISS LANE walks agitatedly up and down.*) But where do you suppose it could be, child? I tell you I put it in the little pocket in the bodice. I'm sure of it.

NITA. Well, it's the queerest thing, Auntie. It's not

there now, and I know it wasn't there when I put the dress on this morning, because I put the little lace kerchief there just as you told me to.

MISS L. (*interrupting*). You see, I thought that if you put the kerchief there, that you would surely find the paper; and that was the way I was going to surprise you. (*Walks up and down, wringing hands.*) Oh, was there ever anything more unfortunate?

RUTH. Oh, dear Miss Lane, please don't let yourself get all worked up over this. You just sit down here for a minute and try and calm yourself. I'm going to call my brother Bob and tell him the whole story. He's sure to have something to suggest. He's so clever. Or, better still, I'll get him on the line and let Nita talk to him. She can tell him better than I can.

(*Goes to 'phone. Gives number.*)

MISS L. Yes, I think that is a good idea.

RUTH (*at 'phone*). Hello, hello; may I speak with Mr. Fielding, please?—Yes—oh, oh, hello, Bob? Hello, dear, this is Ruth. Yes, I'm fine, and I'm over at Nita's. Yes. Oh, Bob, things have gotten into an awful muddle over here. What's the matter? Well, wait a minute, Nita's going to tell you all about it. (*NITA takes 'phone.*)

NITA. Hello, dear—yes, we are dreadfully upset. Tell you everything? Well—here's the story. You see, I sat for my picture this morning, and I wore my mother's gown, you know. Now it seems that Aunt Lu wanted to surprise me with my wedding gift to-day, so in the little pocket of the gown she put an envelope, and in the envelope was the deed to this house and a very wonderful check. That was to be the splendid present that Aunt Lu was giving to you and me, and she planned that I was to find it when I wore the dress to-day. But I've got the dress on, and there's no paper at all in the pocket. It's simply disappeared and we haven't the faintest idea where it has gone to. What? Wait a minute.

MISS L. (*interrupting*). Don't forget to tell him, dear, that I put the paper there myself. I'm sure of it.

NITA. Aunt Lu says that she put the paper in the pocket herself. She's sure of it; and she's dreadfully disturbed about the whole thing. Ruth and I both thought that you could help us. What shall we do? What? Why—yes. Yesterday. Why—all the girls. Why, of course. Aren't you clever to have thought of all that right away? I was sure you would know what to do. Good-bye, dear—why—what—why—of course—of course I do—what—say it—why—I can't—they're all right here listening—but you know I do anyway! Good-bye, dear. (*Comes to c.*) There, darling, didn't I tell you Bob would help us? He told me just what to do, and he says he knows that the paper will turn up all right. He says that he will telephone right away and get all the girls to come over here. Then we can ask them if any of them saw it when I showed them the dress yesterday. He says that surely no one would steal it, because it would be of no use to any one, and he'll tell Mr. Sherry to stop payment on the check at once. So now don't worry any more, darling. I know everything's going to be all right.

MISS L. (*rising and kissing her*). There, there, dear, I shan't spoil your happiness by having the doldrums. You always were my little ray of sunshine anyway. Bless your heart—you are the image of your sainted mother in that dress. May you only live longer —

(*Interrupted by entrance of girls, all more or less breathless, some carrying hats, some raincoats, umbrellas, etc.*)

BEATRICE. Well, well, what's all the excitement? Bob telephoned me not to lose a minute, and here we are.

PHYLLIS. Yes, here we are.

RUTH (*looking out window*). Goodness, I haven't an umbrella or a raincoat and I think there's a shower coming up.

BEATRICE. Yes, there is. Mother called us back for raincoats.

PHYLLIS. Yes, she called us back.

NITA. Well, Auntie has lost a very important paper.

She put it in the pocket of this dress just before you girls came yesterday, so we wanted to ask if any of you saw any paper around when I showed you the dress in the afternoon.

RUTH. I never noticed a thing.

ALL IN CHORUS. Nor I. Not a thing. Nor I.

(*Bell rings. PATRICIA goes to door, back. Enter HILDA.*)

HILDA. Hello, everybody. Hello, girls. Am I intruding? I just met Mr. Fielding as I was on the way up, and he told me the whole story. (*To MISS LANE.*) Can I be of any help?

MISS L. Why, no, thank you just the same, but I don't see what any one can do.

HILDA (*with a little shiver*). My, but it's grown chilly. It's getting very dark and I think we'll have a storm before long. By the way, Miss Farrell, what did you do with the dress after you showed it to the girls?

NITA (*hesitates as though thinking*). Why—I—don't just—remember.

RUTH. Why, Nita, don't you know we went down the road with the girls (*Girls all nod.*), and you —

NITA. Yes, that's right. I called Patsy in and told her to hang the dress away. Perhaps she can tell us something. (*Rings. Enter PATRICIA. Very impressively.*) Now, Patsy, I want you to put your thinking cap on and try and remember about yesterday afternoon.

PATSY. Oh, but Miss, honest I told you all about that hat business, and I —

NITA. Oh, no, it's nothing more about that, Patsy. This is something quite different. Do you remember when I asked you to hang this gown away for me, after I had shown it to the girls? (*PATRICIA nods.*) Well, did you notice anything in this little pocket? (*Points to bodice.*) Any paper or envelope? (*Suggestively.*)

PATSY (*shakes head slowly as if thinking*). Why no, Miss Nita, I really can't remember —

MISS L. (*interrupting*). Here, let's have a little more light in here. It's getting so dark it makes me nervous.

I like to see people's faces when I talk to them. (*Goes to window, IST L., then back, and lets shades go up to limit.*) There, that's better!

PATSY (*with a start*). Oh, glory be to Peter, don't do that, Miss Lane; please don't do that!

MISS L. (*standing by window at rear, but turning in surprise*). And pray, why not?

PATSY (*in great agitation*). Well, it's not the thing to be doin' right now. I—oh, good Lord, Miss Lane, please come over here, now do. There's a good girl.

MISS L. Girl! Why, what do you mean? Have you taken leave of your senses? And pray why should I move away from my own window if I choose to stand here? I must say your actions look very queer to me, Patsy, and I'd like to know —

PATSY (*miserably*). Well, ye might get struck by lightning.

MISS L. Lightning! Why, there hasn't been a spark of lightning—nor drop of rain either. The window's wide open. I think the shower's passing over anyway.

PATSY. Well, I can't think of no other reason anyway; but I just wish that you'd come away from —

(She is interrupted by a white object thrown in at window, striking MISS LANE squarely. All give little shriek. MISS LANE throws up hands and sinks into chair, half-fainting. Apron falls to floor. All is excitement. Exclamations from girls.)

NITA. She's fainted! It was the shock! Get some water!

(RUTH runs for water, HILDA bathes MISS LANE's forehead. NITA kneels by MISS LANE's side and strokes her hand. PATRICIA stands in corner R. front, picture of despair.)

HILDA. There, there, she's all right now. It was just the shock.

(Girls all scatter about stage.)

NITA (*rising*). It just frightened you, Auntie; it was nothing but a bit of paper, I think. (*Picking it up.*) No, it's cloth.

MISS L. (*nervously*). Don't touch it, dear, don't touch it. It might be a bomb!

PATSY. Don't be afraid, Miss Lane, it'll never hurt ye. It's only my apron.

MISS L. (*wrathfully*). Your apron! That miserable girl! This is some more of your doings. You'll be the ruination of this house if you stay here much longer. So that's why you wanted me to move from the window. You knew this thing was going to happen. Well, what have you to say for yourself?

PATSY (*half aside*). I've got enough to say, but I'm afraid to say it!

(*Meanwhile HILDA has taken the apron. She shakes it out and sees a paper pinned to the front. Looks at PATRICIA.*)

HILDA. Why, this is the apron I returned to you this morning, Patsy. I should think after my warning you would have known enough to be more careful. There's a note pinned on it. I suppose it's for you.

MISS L. (*sarcastically*). Yes, no doubt it's from that same admirer of yours for whom you wore the hats.

(*PATRICIA nods miserably and begins to cry. Wipes eyes with corner of apron.*)

HILDA. Here, use this one. It's wrinkled already.

(*Hands PATRICIA other apron. PATRICIA sniffles, takes it, glances at note, starts in astonishment, steps into C. front.*)

PATSY. Well, may the saints preserve us, and will ye hear this from Barry: "This is a moighty poor kind of a love letter. Sure I don't want a house. I want a wife." (*Hands paper to MISS LANE. "And if ye really want to timpt me with a check, don't make it out fer annything less than a million. Barry."*)

MISS L. The deed to the house! Well, where on earth did he get it?

PATSY. Well, ye all jumped on me so I couldn't think at all, at all. I never git a chance to say a word here anyhow. (*MISS LANE throws up hands. NITA and RUTH exchange amused glances. HILDA shakes head.*) But now that ye've given me a minute to catch me breath, why I'll tell you. Now I remember that letter. I found it on the floor when I was hanging the dress away and I picked it up and put it in me apron pocket. This afternoon I had a—well, a little souvenir for Barry (the poor boy is so lonesome out there on the beat all day), so I just wrapped it up in me apron and tossed it to him from the window. I told him that when I let the shade go up that was a sign that the coast was clear and he was to toss it back to me—and—well—that's all there is to it.

MISS L. All? Well, I think that's quite enough, don't you? I've half a mind to give ——

NITA. Now, Auntie dear, I don't want to make any one unhappy when it's so near my wedding day. I'm sure Patsy's learned a lesson. You will be good from now on, won't you, Patsy?

PATSY (*wrathfully*). Be good, be good. Sure, that's just what I been trying to be all this time. Sure, it looks to me that the more I'm good, the more I'm bad. I niver know what to do.

MISS L. Well, as long as we have the deed back I suppose I'll have to forgive you, since my niece asks it, but I do hope you'll profit by this lesson and be a little more careful in the future. Come, dear (*To NITA.*), you must get out of this dress. We'll all go up-stairs for a while and the girls must all stay for a bite to repay them for their trouble in coming over here in such a hurry.

[*Exit MISS LANE, NITA and GIRLS.*]

PATSY (*sinking into a chair*). Well, well, and what a day this has been. Sure, me nerves are all of a tremble. (*Leans back and shuts eyes as if resting. Telephone rings. She answers.*) Hello, hello—yes, this is me—sure, who do you think it would be? Did we get the bundle all right? Well—I—should—say—we did! Lucky

for you I didn't wrap the souvenir in an iron case. Did it land? Oh, sure it landed fine, and say, Barry, I've decided one thing—yes, that ye'd make a much better pitcher on a ball team than you do a policeman. Yes, bad cess to ye. That's so.

(Curtain slowly falls during conversation.)

CURTAIN

PROFESSOR PEPP

A Farcical Comedy with a College Flavor in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy exterior, the same for all three acts. Plays two hours and twenty minutes. Professor Pepp, on a vacation trip to Russia, is initiated by Boris Ardoff, a Russian humorist and former pupil of the Professor's, into a Nihilist Society "The Redeemers," and is so unlucky as to draw the red ball which obliges him to murder the Princess Katchakoffsky. In terror he at once flies from Russia, but Boris, to prolong the joke, writes ahead of him to a friend on the faculty, telling the story and revealing the password—"Bumski." With this weapon everybody in turn has his own way with the terrified Professor, who sees a Nihilist in every bush. A side-splitter with more good parts than any piece of its kind for years. Strongly recommended for school or college performance. *Price, 35 cents*

CHARACTERS

PROFESSOR PETERKIN PEPP, *a nervous wreck.*

MR. C. B. BUTTONBUSTER, *a giddy butterfly of forty-eight.*

HOWARD GREEN, *his son, who had the court change his name.*

SIM BATTY, *the police force of a college town.*

PEDDLER BENSON, *working his way through school.*

NOISY FLEMING, *just out of high school.*

PINK HATCHER, *an athletic sophomore.*

BUSTER BROWN, *a vociferous junior.*

BETTY GARDNER, *the professor's ward.*

AUNT MINERVA BOULDER, *his housekeeper, from Skowhegan, Maine.*

PETUNIA MUGGINS, *the hired girl.*

OLGA STOPSKI, *the new teacher of folk-dancing.*

KITTY CLOVER, *a collector of souvenirs.*

VIVIAN DREW, *a college belle.*

IRENE VAN HILT, *a social leader.*

CAROLINE KAY, *the happy little freshman.*

Students, Co-eds, etc.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Professor Pepp's residence on the college campus.

ACT II. Same scene. Surrounded by the nihilists.

ACT III. Same scene. A double wedding.

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME

A Comedy in One Act

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Three males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays forty minutes. Mrs. Whitney, rehearsing for amateur theatricals with Vincent Fielding, a dramatic coach, in her own home, is misunderstood by Ophelia Johnson (colored), her maid, who summons the police to straighten out what seems to her a very criminal state of things. Rastus Brown, a plumber and admirer of Ophelia, helps Officer Hogan to muddle matters into a very laughable state of confusion. Easy and strongly recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

THE AIR-SPY

A War Play in Three Acts

By Mansfield Scott

Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. Royalty, \$10.00 for first, \$5.00 for subsequent performances by same cast ; free for school performance. Inspector Steele, of the Secret Service, sets his wits against those of German emissaries in their plot against Dr. Treadwell's air ship, a valuable war invention, and baffles them after an exciting pursuit. An easy thriller, full of patriotic interest. Easy to get up and very effective. Strongly recommended for school performance. Originally produced by The Newton (Mass.) High School.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

DR. HENRY TREADWELL, *inventor of the Giant Air-ship.*
VICTOR LAWRENCE, *his pretended friend—a German spy.*
HAROLD FELTON, *of the United States Army.*
CARLETON EVERTON, *a young Englishman.*
KARL SCHONEMAN, *of the German Secret Service.*
FRANZ MULLER, *his assistant.*
ARTHUR MERRILL, *also of the United States Army.*
INSPECTOR MALCOM STEELE, *of the United States Secret Service.*
HENRY GOOTNER, *a German agent.*
FRANCIS DRURY, *one of Treadwell's guests.*
CORPORAL THAYER.
PRIVATE FREEMAN.
RUTH TREADWELL, *Treadwell's daughter.*
MURIEL LAWRENCE, *Lawrence's daughter.*
MRS. TREADWELL.
MARGARET LINDEN, *a friend of Ruth's.*

THE TIME.—America's second summer in the war.

THE PLACE.—A deserted mansion on a small island near Eastport, Maine.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The afternoon of June 10th.

ACT II. The evening of September 21st.

ACT III. *Scene 1.* The afternoon of the next day. About 1:30.
Scene 2. An hour later.

ART CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

A Play in One Act

By Mary Moncure Parker

Twelve females. Costumes of 1890 with one exception ; ~~none~~, a single easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. Describes the trials of an ambitious woman who desired to form a club in the early days of club life for women about thirty years ago, before the days of telephones and automobiles. A capital play for ladies' clubs or for older women in general. The costumes are quaint and the picture of life in the year of the Chicago World's Fair offers an amusing contrast to the present. Recommended.

Price, 25 cents

Plays for Junior High Schools

	Males	Females	Time	Price
Sally Lunn	3	4	1 1/2 hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
Class Day	4	3	3/4 "	25c
Chums	3	2	3/4 "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	1/2 "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
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The Cool Collegians	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1 1/2 "	35c
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	3/4 "	25c
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West of Omaha	4	3	3/4 "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	3/4 "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1 1/2 "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1 1/4 "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1 1/2 "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1 1/2 "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	1	11	2 "	35c
Carrotty Nell		15	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c
The Clancey Kids		14	1 "	25c
The Happy Day		7	1/2 "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1 1/2 "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	1	5	3/4 "	25c
The Land of Night		18	1 1/4 "	25c
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The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c
An Outsider		7	1/2 "	25c
Oysters		6	1/2 "	25c
A Pan of Fudge		6	1/2 "	25c
A Peck of Trouble		5	1/2 "	25c
A Precious Pickle		7	1/2 "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14		1 1/4 "	35c
The Turn in the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1 1/2 "	25c

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Recent Plays That Have "Gone Over the Top"

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
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Turning the Trick	6	5	2 1/4 "	35c	"
The American Flag	6	3	2 "	35c	"
Captain Cranberry	8	3	2 "	35c	"
Mr. Kelley from Kalamazoo	8	3	2 "	35c	"
If I Only Had a Million	7	6	2 "	35c	"
The Country Doctor	6	5	2 "	35c	"
Country Folks	6	5	2 "	35c	"
A Couple of Million	6	5	2 "	35c	\$10.00
Cranberry Corners	6	6	2 "	35c	Free
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Alias Brown	11	5	2 "	35c	"
Expense No Object	10	3	2 "	35c	"
The Heiress Hunters	7	7	2 1/4 "	35c	"
Picking a Winner	9	5	2 "	35c	"
Elizabeth's Young Man	1	3	1/2 "	25c	"
Freddy Goes to College	4	2	3/4 "	25c	"
A Full House	3	3	1/2 "	25c	"
The Girl From Upper Seven	10	11	2 "	35c	"
Grandma Gibbs of the Red Cross	8	9	2 "	35c	"
Honeymoon Flats	6	8	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Plain People	5	5	2 "	35c	"
Red Acre Farm	7	5	2 "	35c	"
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	3/4 "	25c	"
Local and Long Distance	1	6	1/2 "	25c	"
The Sisterhood of Bridget	7	6	2 "	35c	"
The Loving Cup	4	9	1/2 "	35c	\$5.00
The Guest Retainer	5	3	2 "	35c	Free
Old Days in Dixie	5	8	2 1/4 "	35c	\$10.00
Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard	4	7	2 "	35c	Free
Much Ado About Betty	10	12	2 "	35c	"
No Trespassing	6	5	2 "	35c	"
Our Wives	7	4	2 "	35c	"
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	3/4 "	25c	"
And Billy Disappeared	5	6	2 1/4 "	60c	\$10.00
The Rebellion of Mrs. Barclay	3	6	1 3/4 "	35c	Free
When a Feller Needs a Friend	5	5	2 1/4 "	35c	\$10.00
Allison Makes Hay	7	7	2 "	60c	\$15.00
The Slacker	2	7	3/4 "	25c	Free
The Arrival of Kitty	5	4	2 "	60c	\$10.00
Six Miles From a Lemon	6	4	2 "	60c	\$10.00
Teddy, or The Runaways	4	4	2 1/4 "	35c	Free
The Man Who Went	7	3	2 "	35c	\$10.00
The Troubling of Bethesda Pool	2	12	3/4 "	25c	Free
Valley Farm	6	6	2 1/2 "	35c	"
The Village School Ma'am	6	5	2 "	35c	"
Willowdale	7	5	2 1/4 "	35c	"
The Country Minister	8	5	2 "	35c	"
The Cuckoo's Nest	3	3	1/2 "	25c	"
Petrel, The Storm Child	8	5	2 "	25c	"

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